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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Our "dear neighbours" are indeed the heroes of the hour here. Has ever a party of foreign naval officers been received with such dramatic attention before? Sailor-men are genial and sociable by nature, and naval men from any country would always be welcomed and made much of by the naval men of another country. But Admiral Caillard probably did not quite expect so imposing a demonstration as has been made in his honour. We trust his sailor-like simplicity will not be offended by its ceremonial pomp. Even if there is something behind this brave show not wholly exhausted by love for the French, no sane observer could doubt that there is a very real liking for the French people here. It has always been so; political phases may lead to bickering from time to time, but at heart the modern Englishman is fond of the Frenchman. These festivities will result in unmingled good, if they establish an understanding between the countries and not a mere sentiment.

In London especially the French officers must surely have been a little surprised at the immense crowds which gathered in the streets to receive them. On the Embankment in the forenoon of Thursday, when they lunched with the Lord Mayor in the Guildhall, there was a multitude such as hardly has been seen even at a Jubilee. We confess we feel all the more pleasure at the warmth of this English welcome from the reflection that these naval officers represent the very best element in the French people. Largely of old provincial families, they carry with them great traditions and they are free of the entanglements of current party politics. The French have become keen sportsmen, so our guests will appreciate the significance of peers and members

of Parliament staying in town to meet them at luncheon on 12 August.

The session closed on Friday; the suspected Opposition coup did not come off. Mr. Asquith's jibes at meticulous ministerialists fell harmless, for if ministerialists were nervous, they were nervous to very good purpose, and completely frustrated any Opposition plan for a surprise. From the day of the Irish defeat of the Government the Opposition have had no chance; and the suggestion that Mr. Balfour had lost the confidence of the House seems rather absurd now. Mr. Balfour will keep his working majority. That however does not make the session notable. It has been a poor business, take it for all in all. Two social measures of great import, but both mainly spoilt, make up the legislative record. A little more strength and both the Aliens Bill and the Unemployed Bill might have been experiments of the first rank. As it is, they have not a fair chance.

Mr. Balfour is now the dominant personality of the House; there has been no such personal supremacy since Gladstone, for Mr. Chamberlain has for the time being ceased to be a parliamentary figure. His concern is without, not within. Mr. Balfour may have lost in popularity; the House may not have for him quite the same personal affection it had; and there may be heartburnings on his own side at the exclusiveness of his attentions; but he is the one man on the Unionist side whom political circles, and indeed the world, consider; and there is no one among the Opposition to put beside him. Liberals themselves do not pretend that any of their front bench men is of the same measure with Mr. Balfour. One cannot help noticing that they never do class any of them with him. It may be said that Mr. Balfour's pre-eminence is due to others' disappearance: and there is some truth in it; but it is not the whole truth nor the larger part of it.

We are not sure that any of Mr. Balfour's colleagues in the House has enhanced his reputation this session. Mr. Wyndham has collapsed, but he will certainly come to the front again; Mr. Arnold-Forster has collapsed, though he does not know it. Mr. Lyttelton does his administrative work well, but he is hardly a

parliamentary figure. Mr. Bonar Law is becoming too official. Mr. Long possibly has gone ahead; for he has not been proved a failure at a very difficult post, where no one thought he could succeed. Also he has a good record on the unemployed question. Mr. Gerald Balfour's chance of his "aristeia" was killed by a fiat of the new Speaker, who has earned much commendation, especially amongst the Opposition—from the time he squashed the Redistribution proposals.

On the Opposition side Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman seems to us to have made progress. Some of his speeches have been very effective to read, however trying to hear. He has made his premiership in the next Liberal Government certain, chafe his friends and followers never so much. Sir Edward Grey has taken but little part in the game, but everyone still seems to expect the greatest things from him. Mr. Asquith wound up with a fine speech on the Appropriation Bill, but he has done no more than keep his place this session, we nearly said, this term. We should say Mr. Haldane had advanced considerably. His versatility is remarkable; lawyer, educationist, philosopher, scientist, political intriguer, and society man. Of the Irish members, who are now working with the Opposition, Mr. John Redmond keeps his leadership. He is a great speaker, but he should guard against rotundity.

Lord Hugh Cecil stands in a class by himself. His power in the House unquestionably grows and his advance as a debater is very rapid. He is often spoken of as a future party leader but it is difficult to see whom he can lead. The Liberals will hardly get the Nonconformists to accept him, though it is true they accepted Mr. Gladstone; and Lord Hugh's attitude as a Churchman is very much Mr. Gladstone's. The main body of the Unionists are sharply divided from him on fiscal policy, which must one day mark the boundary line of parties. Lord Hugh might however very well lead a composite party of Unionist, free traders and individualist Liberals. It would be a small group, but a brilliant man at the head of a small group may do great things.

An unpleasant feature of the session has been a recrudescence of rowdiness. Never was there more outrageous behaviour than the refusal of the Opposition to allow Mr. Lyttelton to speak on a matter coming within his own department. The record of the Commons does not allow us to describe any "scene" as without precedent, but very seldom indeed has a minister been treated so grossly as was Mr. Lyttelton. An exhibition, at best, of childish bad temper. And generally the tone of the debates has not been as courteous as should be. The blame must not be put on the Irish members this time. English and Scotchmen were the worst offenders. We are sorry to have to record that the Labour members have excelled in rudeness—an unusual thing with British working-men.

In the House of Lords, after the effacement of Lord Rosebery, only Lord Lansdowne stands out. He has advanced his reputation in every way. He leads the Peers exactly in the right style, and his calm and intellectual speech fits the quiet and leisure of the Upper House. His praises as Foreign Minister are on everyone's lips; and on everyone's who knows. The policy is of course the policy of the Cabinet; but as executant Lord Lansdowne is a finished artist. Foreign ambassadors are greatly impressed with his grip of details, and his attention to them; not a characteristic of Lord Salisbury. The fates have been kind to Lord Lansdowne in giving him precisely the part which birth, nature, training and experience fit him to play. Less happily placed, he might easily have been lost in obscurity, or even a positive failure.

The envoys of Russia and Japan have met, and after spending one day in examining each other's credentials have got to business. It is gratifying to hear and is probably true that the Conference will not dissolve on technicalities, and we only hope it may not do so on anything more substantial, though we confess we have grave doubts. Pessimism seems to be the order of the day even in the United States. That

does not prevent a great deal of very ill-bred curiosity being exhibited at the expense of the delegates; the hotels of the neighbourhood are crowded with sight-seers, and the general surroundings are hardly such as are associated with quiet and expedition in diplomacy. M. Witte seems to have caught the American fancy, though it is truly comical to note the nervous eagerness of British correspondents to reassure us as to the retention by Japan of American sympathy. After all there would be nothing strange or reprehensible in the business-like American mind not liking the prospect of a too powerful Japan.

As to the negotiations themselves and the probable views of each party on possible concessions, while the forecasts of Japanese demands seem to us far from convincing, we note a despatch from the correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" at Newcastle (U.S.A.) which seems to contain a highly probable outline of the concessions which Russia will consider compatible with her dignity as a Great Power. These are to guarantee exclusive Japanese influence in Korea and a withdrawal of Russia from Manchuria, at all events from so much of it as is now in the occupation of Japanese troops. This involves the cession of Dalny and Port Arthur to Japan. The correspondent also surmises that Russia is prepared to make sundry other smaller concessions, themselves of no slight importance, such as the right to fish in the waters of Sakhalin, which would give the Japanese the constant supply of cheap fish they want. In return Japan must retire from that island and demand no indemnity. Whether this forecast be correct or not it is certainly ingenious, for it tallies with the views entertained by those best able to judge of what Russia as a nation has adopted as the only standpoint compatible with her own honour and interest.

There seems little reason to discredit the stories of the communications received daily by the Russian plenipotentiary from his countrymen all over the world as to their own sentiments on the matter. The consensus of opinion against paying any indemnity and still more against any surrender of territory that can really be considered Russian soil is undoubtedly very strong. The Japanese have shown so much wisdom and sagacity in their conduct that they are quite able to dispense with advice; they will recognise Russia is clearly by no means yet beaten to her knees and any extravagant pretensions on their part may easily turn the war from a not popular struggle into a national crusade against the Asiatic Power which has so suddenly risen to eminence. After all if the Japanese do succeed in establishing themselves in Korea and Manchuria for good and in establishing their predominance in Chinese waters, they will obtain more than they ever demanded before the opening of hostilities, and the acquisition of an extraordinarily rich and undeveloped country in Korea would compensate them for even the heavy expenditure of the war.

The Russian forces in Crete seem to have had a somewhat serious encounter with insurgents; who occupied the Custom House at Castelli Mylopotamo, and, refusing to leave on the Russian orders, were bombarded and the building reduced to ashes. The insurgents had fired first on the Russians; who have very properly acted with rigour within the sphere of their occupation, for it is very difficult to convince the Greeks and their sympathisers that Europe will treat them otherwise than as spoil children. The foreign occupation is a mockery unless its result is at least to maintain order.

As we anticipated immediately after the event itself, the attempt on the Sultan was the act of discontented Turks. These people were not animated by any idea of "reform" as we understand the word but they did ardently desire to substitute Raschid for Abdul Hamid. It is also said in the same report, which is published by the "Petite République", that the culprit was actually one of the members of the Sultan's naval guard and that his body had on it letters alleging atrocities committed by the Sultan on Mohammedans. That the genesis of the attempt was to be sought in this direction we believed from the first, though of course there is

nothing to vouch for the accuracy of this report in details. We believe it however to be founded on facts, though doubtless it may be extremely difficult for the outside world ever to gain full information as to the course of the inquiry held at Yildiz Kiosk.

Germany's colonial troubles are on the increase, and are likely to be aggravated by a rising of 6,000 Kuanjamas in Portuguese West Africa immediately to the north of German territory. General von Trotha will shortly have no fewer than 20,000 men operating in South-West Africa, and is preparing for an early attack in force on the rebel chief Hendrik Wilboi. His difficulties are greater than is perhaps understood at home and are shown by the fact that one day he issues a proclamation practically putting a price on the heads of the rebel leaders and on another he invites them to surrender. It is estimated that Germany has already spent over £15,000,000 in her endeavours to crush out the Hereros revolt. Whilst the enemy in the South-West is as active as ever, a new trouble has arisen in East Africa which has involved the despatch of a strong contingent of protectorate troops, and the news from the Cameroons occasion anxiety lest yet another little war may break out at any moment.

The story about Delagoa Bay which appeared in the "Times" of Wednesday may be only in the nature of a "feeler" but is deserving of notice. If the Portuguese Government actually did declare the port free, a very serious situation might arise both for Cape Town and Durban. The threat may serve to prevent the governments of the Cape and Natal from proceeding with the proposed modifications of the *modus vivendi*. Johannesburg is naturally pleased with the prospect, and it may or may not be true that the consumer in the Transvaal would not benefit in the long run but only the middleman, in any case the present situation keeps up the cost of carriage to his detriment. It is very difficult to get people who are heavily mulcted in their cost of living to take "broad views" on the general interest, as they are bidden to do.

The mystery of the alleged German loan to Morocco still exercises the press though it seems pretty clear by this time that the Sultan has concluded an arrangement for borrowing £500,000 from certain German banks. This indeed is admitted by the "Cologne Gazette" and is no doubt true. Of course no one believes that this has been done against the wish of the German Government or behind its back, but after all it is rather difficult to see why the German authorities should forbid the Sultan to borrow money in Germany rather than elsewhere if he wishes to do so. It is doubtless annoying for the French but so is the whole course of events in Morocco. Recently returned travellers confirm the view that the remarkable effect of the Kaiser's brilliantly staged demonstration is still unimpaired and German influence holds the field. The popularity of Great Britain has not seriously suffered, but our political weight is no longer what it was, and so long as we support French pretensions it will not regain its previous force. But French unpopularity, always great, has increased and resistance to any interference on their part in Moorish internal affairs promises to be more intensely bitter as the days go by.

We have certainly reason to congratulate ourselves on the course of recent events in Arabia and the regions of the Persian Gulf. The Muscat arbitration award settling the dispute with France follows close upon the settlement of the Aden Hinterland squabble with Turkey. It is now decided that France has no right to claim a protectorate over subjects of the Muscat Sultan unless she can prove that they had a right to claim such protection before 1863. The Sultan retains his sovereign rights over the crew and passengers of vessels belonging to his subjects under French protection, and those having a right to claim inviolability in the waters of Muscat cannot transfer that right to other vessels, even when they are the property of the same individual.

Judging from Wednesday's debate on the partition of Bengal, the chief ground of complaint among responsible Radicals is that the matter has been sprung upon

the British public. Sir Henry Fowler awaits further information before taking a definite line. But how is it that an ex-Secretary of State for India is uninformed on 9 August concerning so important a measure when the SATURDAY REVIEW was able to discuss it on 15 July? The papers which are to be laid upon the table can hardly contain more convincing testimony of the necessity for the measure than the simple facts mentioned by Sir M. Bhownaggee and Mr. Brodrick. Bengal is a province covering 189,000 square miles and has a population of over 78,000,000. It has outgrown itself in an administrative sense. At the same time Bengalese objections of sentiment to its dismemberment are natural.

An elaborate report on the wheat prospects of the Canadian North-West has been drawn up by Professor James Mavor of Toronto. His inquiry has extended over several years and his conclusions are somewhat tentative, because settlement in the Canadian North-West is so recent that the full conditions cannot yet be gauged. That the country has a magnificent wheat future he does not attempt to deny, but he urges that estimates should be made with caution. For the Briton at home the most interesting part of the report is that which weighs the economic possibilities. He foresees that the United States may in the interests of their millers offer inducements to Canadian farmers to send their corn across the border, but on the other hand Canada herself may desire to mill her own corn. If Canadian millers had to pay as high a price as United States millers for their wheat, Professor Mavor suggests they might then export their flour to countries which gave them preferential treatment denied to the United States. Professor Mavor makes that reflection in an economic aside, but it is a point of first-rate interest to advocates of preference tariffs.

Appointed more than two years ago the Royal Commission on Food Supplies in War-time managed to make its report—or rather series of reports—too late for Parliamentary consideration. The result of the inquiry will not diminish the public consciousness of the serious position in which the country would be placed in a war with a great Power if we lost even temporary command of the sea. The principal recommendation of the majority report is that national granaries should be instituted without delay, and it is estimated that corn, over and above what would normally be in the country, can be stored away, at a cost which would not be considerable, in sufficient quantities to feed us for six or eight weeks. It is a little irritating in so vital a matter to find conclusions influenced apparently by economic prejudices. The Commissioners express satisfaction that we are no longer drawing our food supplies mainly from the United States. They think the more numerous the neutral Powers supplying our wants the less probable is any violation of international law and the smaller the risk of effective interference. Hence there is "a certain advantage" in not getting all we want from British possessions. This is a new and wholly mischievous application of the adage that there is safety in numbers.

"Very satisfactory" is the easy verdict on the Board of Trade Returns for July. On the surface the record is not discouraging. Unfortunately however experience teaches that the methods adopted by the department are not always statistically sound, as we have pointed out on more than one occasion. That there is something fallacious about the trade record must be obvious to anyone who is actively connected with business. For the past month the return shows an increase of £3,785,237 in imports and of £3,037,469 in exports. The fact that imports are swollen by raw materials—particularly cotton—by more than a million robs the excess in the increase of imports over exports of sinister significance. Unless the present acute differences of masters and men in Lancashire should result in a strike, which would be as disastrous as a corner, there is no reason why the recent expansion of exports due largely to cotton should not be maintained. One hopeful sign is the improvement in exports to South Africa.

Mr. Lough's motion against the signing of the agreement with the National Telephone Company, except on terms which the Post Office might impose, was defeated on Wednesday by a majority of 77. The debate went to prove that in the circumstances the Government have made a very fair bargain. Objections to monopolies of all kinds are intelligible, but certain people seem to think that by the adoption of tactics verging on confiscation the Government would serve the best interests of the country. As a matter of fact Lord Stanley proved that the agreement with the Telephone Company is the only way of avoiding an excessive capital outlay as well as considerable waste and great public inconvenience. In 1911, if the agreement were not entered into, the company would be able to make what terms it liked because it is impossible to construct an alternative system in the interval.

The really important point at issue in the debate was the question of municipal licences. If anything was necessary to clinch the argument against the granting of new telephonic facilities to local bodies, it was supplied by Mr. Benn's ludicrous attempt at an argument, which Sir James Joicey promptly sat upon. It is hard on the County Council that it should have such a spokesman in Parliament. How can we ever have a really national telephone system if municipalities are to be given rights which of necessity are not national? Mr. Austen Chamberlain in an able defence of the compact pointed out the difficulties of fixing responsibility where there is divided control. To grant new municipal licences now is to complicate the whole question of future direction, and, so far from permitting any new municipal telephone system to be set up between 1905 and 1911, we hope the State will take steps to insure that when the National Telephone Company ceases to exist, the whole telephone system will come under direct Government control.

The Welsh National Assembly at Mountain Ash seems hardly to have been so largely attended as some other recent gatherings. In particular the attendances at the meetings of the Cymmrodorion Society (by no means the least interesting feature of the Eisteddfod) seems to have been meagre. Perhaps the revival may in some way account for this. A suggestion has been thrown out at this Eisteddfod that, instead of giving prizes to soloists, a musical scholarship at the Royal College of Music or some such place should be established. Why not revive the ancient usage of the Eisteddfod of 1176, held by the Lord Rhys at the Castle of Cardigan, and give a chair to the triumphant musician as well as to the triumphant bard?

To some extent the Bank Holiday was marred for the masses who usually make much of the first Monday in August by weather uncertainties. Otherwise the day would probably have been a record in numbers of holiday-makers. The railway returns of the preceding Saturday induced preparations for an exceptional access of traffic on the Bank Holiday. On the Great Western for instance 11,500 excursion tickets were issued as against 8,750 last year. All told the Great Western booked 33,000 passengers between Saturday morning and Monday midday. Other lines, particularly the Great Eastern, showed substantial increase. The effect of weather anticipations, due to a gloomy morning, was shown in places like the National Gallery and the Natural History Museum being visited by nearly twice as many people as last year, while Hampstead Heath attracted only about half the usual number.

As Lord Rosebery retires into the obscurity of private life, his son emerges. Lord Rosebery found to his hand a great party, which he led and left in pieces. Lord Dalmeny finds a great cricket eleven already in pieces; he captains it and pulls it together. His performances with the bat have been quite brilliant of late. He seems effectually to have stopped the Surrey rot. It is wonderful what a difference the captain makes; especially to an almost wholly professional side. Lord Rosebery may be quite happy about his son's career. His nationality on either side is guarantee enough.

THE COURTESY OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

THE country which possesses a King and a Court starts with a heavy advantage in the challenge of international courtesies, but they who have to contest the palm of chivalry with Frenchmen of any class must not be grudging some advantage at the start. Admiral Caillard and his colleagues will find no defect of enthusiasm in the London and Portsmouth festivities compared with Paris and Brest; and we hope they will see as little to find fault with in their taste.

It is some compensation for the spread of cheap newspapers that information as to these international expressions of goodwill is as widely spread as the more numerous legends of the plots and counterplots of foreign rulers, and we may hope that the impression created throughout France and England by the proceedings of this week may be more lasting than is usual either with the politeness or the petulance of nations. Such celebrations might without harm become commoner, when perhaps they would be accompanied by fewer absurdly suspicious glances towards others than they have sometimes been in the past. Only a short time ago a ridiculous outcry was raised in the English press because a reception such as the merest politeness required was given to a German fleet in the same waters where the French are now receiving the popular salutations which everyone admits to be their due as the representatives of a great and friendly Power. Our reputation for national courtesy will not be perfect until we can receive visits from all friendly nations alike with unruffled demeanour. The shrill outcry raised over the German visit by nervous Teutophobes was the worst display of popular manners that we remember. We have much yet to learn in the art of national bearing before the world. Association with the French will not hurt us in this respect and we hope the lesson may be assimilated before the necessity again arises for putting it in practice.

There are no doubt reasons why association between the French and ourselves is easier and good feeling more spontaneous than in some other cases. In matters of trade we clash less; we resemble one another so little that we have not to fear the resentments between races of the same type. Certainly no one can dispute the clear evidence of enthusiasm for France throughout the United Kingdom and Ireland. Nothing but the very keenest desire to render the welcome of the French officers and their remembrance of this country really significant would have induced our Peers and Parliament-men to remain in town in such numbers at this season of the year. After all it is well that this should be so, for it cannot but tell greatly for good that civilian members of the classes from which the great majority of our two Houses are still drawn should meet the French officers as well as soldiers, sailors and officials. As a rule French naval officers to-day, as before the Revolution, are drawn from the noblesse and country gentlemen. It is of course impossible to divest such an entertainment as that in Westminster Hall of all European significance. It has in fact the same meaning as that expressed in the debate on Foreign Office estimates. The foreign policy of this country is for the time at all events no subject of controversy between parties. But it must also be borne in mind that responsible politicians on both sides have no intention that these celebrations shall be stretched to promote ends which they are not intended to serve.

Responsible French publicists are very wisely bringing home to those among us who need the lesson, and there are still some in such a case, that the celebrations at Brest and Portsmouth have no other bearing than that which lies upon the surface, that they are an earnest of the conviction both of this country and France that there is no cause for any friction between us and that we wish one another well. They who would read into the demonstration an intimation of hostility to any other Power will only injure the good understanding they are anxious to parade before the world if they insist on making it mean more. It is the last thing intended by France that her friendship with us should be taken as a defiance to Germany or an intimation to Russia that she can do without her. As

a matter of fact our own arrangement with France has only helped to make the more clear the absolute necessity for her to possess another Continental partner. The only political significance that these fêtes can rightly be made to bear is that they mark the passing of a phase of mutual suspicion between France and Great Britain. How long mutual confidence may continue rests perhaps rather with France than ourselves, for we have no longer any palpable ground for disagreement with her; she may however feel soreness over the fact that her ultimate position in Morocco is a problem that still awaits solution. At present our own abdication in that country has turned to the benefit of Germany instead of France, but the fault is not ours.

If we are well advised, we shall make as many friends as we can without the sacrifice of our interests. If we want the most efficient allies we might more wisely find them elsewhere than in France, who has ceased to be the danger for other nations that she was in her more active and enterprising days, nor can we see in her a great aggressive force in the future. France has no need to seek more laurels in the field and has very evidently determined not to do so. France may still have a great part to play but it will hardly be either a political or warlike one. She has indeed shown herself prepared to fulfil all her obligations as an ally with the punctilious chivalry we should anticipate from her historical record, but we expect her to count more in the world of ideas, of literature and art than in the material sphere in which Russia, England, and the United States are destined to struggle for predominance. We cannot get away from the conviction, which their more recent history confirms, that the French people are choosing other paths than those which lead to control of the forces of nature or of man. Every nation has the capacity and the right to select its own field of action, and there is ample scope in the spheres of literature and art and science. The services already rendered to humanity by France will never be forgotten, and these intellectual claims, which Englishmen are too ready to ignore, we ought to dwell upon and gratefully admit.

THE SESSIONAL ACCOUNT.

WE are not surprised that the Government has survived another session, and that Mr. Balfour is still at the head of a large working majority in the House. The opening of the session was ominous of easy going for the Government—in striking contrast to the opening of the session of 1904. The truth is that in the House the Government has never been in any real danger of life. It was beaten once, it is true, and not on a snap division; but no one, not even one of the Opposition, would maintain that the division on the Irish question represented the actual strength of parties in the House. No one pretends that there are enough Unionist members deliberately desirous to turn out the Government to be able to do so by voting with the Opposition. The most that can be said is that there are by this time quite a considerable number of Unionists indifferent enough to the Government's fortunes to be quite content to take their pleasure at the risk, which they do not believe to be serious, of the Government's life. This is no doubt a bad symptom for any ministry, but it is a very different thing from a real loss of the party's confidence. The Opposition themselves appreciate the distinction, for both in and out of Parliament and in the press they have always been careful to fortify their arguments from the defeat of the Government in the House by a much more insistent appeal to the state of feeling in the country. Mr. Asquith notably did this in his speech on the Appropriation Bill, which we admit to be a very powerful and effective attack. But, let our Liberal friends and the Radical press rage as they will, the state of the country has nothing essential to do with the Parliamentary life of a ministry. There is perhaps only one unvarying and absolutely defined law of the British constitution and that is the supremacy of Parliament, for good or for ill. Constitutionally Parliament is not accountable

to the country; and only through Parliament can the country affect what Parliament does. Liberal pundits may throw Sir William Anson's book at us as often as they like, it is at best but Sir William Anson's opinion; and in fact an opinion on a question of conduct, not a question of constitution. It is interesting, by the way, to note how much more value the Opposition attach to Sir William Anson's written words than to his speeches. Apparently they think of him as the Corinthians thought of S. Paul, that his speech is contemptible but his letters weighty. The argument from the state of the country can have no bearing on the right of Ministers to remain in office so long as they have the support of a majority in Parliament; it may none the less be a very pertinent appeal to the propriety of their doing so. If the Opposition would state their case in that form it would gain much in effect, for you may have a full right to do a thing, and it yet be highly unbecoming to do it. Some of the best men amongst the Liberals, such as Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Bryce, see this and are careful to state their case precisely in that way. But looking at matters from a strictly Parliamentary point of view, we say deliberately the Government has never been during the whole session in any real danger of life, and we believe it would retain a majority during next session as well, if Mr. Balfour wished to go on.

That is not however in any sense to say that the Government have come out of the session unscathed, or that we can easily imagine Mr. Balfour desiring to go through another. It would indeed be very idle to pretend that the session had not left its mark very plain upon the Government, which has not been blasted but has been battered by the storm. Impotence, almost disaster, in military administration, the loss of Mr. Wyndham, the Redistribution fiasco, the whittling away of the Unemployed and the opportunist weakening of the Aliens Bill, all these things have obviously weakened the position of the Government. In foreign affairs they have done very well, and the country thinks so; but the good effect of the foreign record is not enough to balance other losses.

It is always very easy to frame an indictment against a ministry that has been in power for some years; it makes no difference whether it be Conservative or Liberal. Ministers are men and it is human to err. Also there are always certain things which might turn out well but in fact turn out badly; and not the most determined Cabinet can stand the drip, drip of unceasing public criticism for more than a few years. We have no doubt that most Governments die a natural death long before the Septennial Act comes in to provide the happy release. And it is generally well for a Cabinet if it can read the signs of its age, which has no affinity with age in its members, who can cheerfully look to a brief period of irresponsible opposition for infallible rejuvenation. Mr. Balfour is of course as aware of all this as anybody. He must know that he is at any rate not consulting his personal interests by persisting in the hard labours of office. He has every inducement to give up; he has his personal pleasure, rest, and numerous other interests; he has no inducement to go on, which can only mean harder labour and less national gratitude. Nothing could be less enviable than the lot of a political Tithonus. Already indeed Mr. Balfour's burden has become so heavy that in struggling with it he makes a really heroic figure. Those who think little of his performance or suspect his motives need not be startled at this description of him; a man may be mistaken and far from good and yet make an emphatically heroic figure. There have been many such in history. We could not be more averse from any political course than Mr. Gladstone's during his last years; but he has always seemed to us an essentially heroic figure, an old man struggling almost alone for an impossible cause, against foes of whom the most dangerous were his former friends. Mr. Balfour's persistent courage in going on, with the tide running dead against him, friends falling away, and the whole burden of the fight on his own shoulders, is an impressive spectacle, whatever the world may say. Whether right or wrong at this moment, Mr. Balfour will be a great figure in English political history. It is precisely because of his importance to the

country, of his claims on it, that one is so anxious that he should not damage his own personality. He is so little known to the average man, and so purely intellectual, that it is extremely easy for him to be misunderstood. He probably cares little enough whether his character is understood or not; but a man whose duty requires him to be a leader of men may not enjoy the tranquil aloofness of the philosopher. Mr. Balfour would do well to take the public into his confidence and explain to them more fully the motives and the grounds of policy that determine him to remain in office. Foreign issues can never be fully explained to the public, we all know, but could not Mr. Balfour by adding a little precision to somewhat vague suggestions make it more easy for the country to realise that it is foreign problems that compel him to hold on to office? Mr. Balfour should know that his parliamentary finesse, delightful to the expert and the intellectual, has only mystified the plain man, not much interested in political details and not a keen partisan. The best Englishmen care for their country but they do not care for politics: and these Mr. Balfour has unfortunately made more or less uncomfortable.

The truth is the situation has been in many ways an impossible one from the time the fiscal question was introduced into practical politics. Mr. Balfour put the fiscal question practically out of court; while Mr. Chamberlain made it impossible for the country to think of anything else. From this impasse we have never escaped. It may have been unavoidable. We certainly do not blame Mr. Chamberlain for bringing up the subject. His policy in our view is necessary to the continuance of the Empire and was too urgent to be delayed, whatever the political consequences. We have always said Mr. Balfour would have done more wisely to adopt the preference policy at once, to which he has never admitted any objection in principle. But of course we are aware of the great practical and personal difficulties there were in the way of Mr. Balfour's doing this. Probably he alone could judge. But, avoidable or not, it is a plain fact that the introduction of the fiscal question on the political stage and the simultaneous ruling it off the stage have brought about an unreal situation which has largely paralysed public life ever since. And there can be no escape from it before a general election.

LAND AND SEA CO-OPERATION IN THE FAR EAST.

NOW that Sakhalin has completely fallen into Japanese hands interest is absorbed in the operations on the banks of the Tumen where a conflict between Baron Hasegawa's army and the Russian forces sent to stay his advance is in progress. The movements however reported from the mouth of the Amur and Castries Bay should be of even greater interest. Some three weeks ago when hostile warships had been sighted near Nikolaievsk a panic seized the inhabitants of that town and of Vladivostok, and they fled to Khabarovka. Great indeed must have been the fear that the appearance of the Japanese ships inspired, and fully must the inhabitants of the maritime province have appreciated the significance of their arrival. We wish we could believe that many of our fellow-countrymen felt it equally. For it means that absorbing as have been the tales of fighting on sea and shore that have been reaching us for the last year and a half, and valuable as have been the lessons in tactics both naval and military taught us, we are now receiving an illustration of the combined strength of efficient and sufficient naval and military forces such as but few modern wars have supplied. It is a mere platitude, now that so much on sea supremacy has been written, to dwell on the advantages of a command of the waters. Pedants may argue and squabble as to the effect on strategy of a "fleet in being", per-fervid apostles of schools of various lines may go on refining, to our utter weariness; the broad fact that to allow armies to cross seas security from interruption must be guaranteed by navies remains accepted. But the impetus of naval force exhausts itself in the shal-

lows of a coast-line. When the army has been disembarked, the task of the navy is limited to securing the safety of transports. This impotence of the navy inland has always been the point at which sea power breaks down. And this is an explanation of the fact that for all our strength on the waters at the end of the last century it was our army and not our navy which enabled us finally to secure our safety. But while naval force must, as some people nowadays appear to forget, be supplemented by military force much may be accomplished by a combination of both when geographical circumstances admit of it. And now the war has taken a turn which places geographical facilities at the disposal of Japan in a quite remarkable manner.

A glance at the map will show that the Amur flows due south for some four hundred miles from Nikolaievsk to the southern town. The fright of the inhabitants appears to point to the great waterway being insecurely guarded, and, should that prove to be the case, we shall witness the cutting off of the Russian maritime province for a length of four hundred miles from those dominions of the Tsar which form the Amur provinces of the East Siberian empire. Not only that but the investment and isolation of Vladivostok will have come perceptibly nearer, and then the invasion of the maritime province alike from north and west and south will be complete. Hitherto it had been the consolation and boast of the Russian Government that, in spite of their great misfortunes and huge disasters, the sacred soil of the empire had not been insulted by the footprint of the invader. Successes had been obtained on alien territory, and excrescences such as Port Arthur had indeed been lopped away. But such reverses at extremities out of ken of the peasant could be explained away, and belittled, without the honour of the Russian people being involved. Such arguments and such consolation can no longer be offered to a dejected people, should vast stretches of integral portions of the Russian heritage have to be abandoned. The importance of Vladivostok and Sakhalin, as we have pointed out in a previous article, is largely augmented by the fact that they form actual parts of the soil of the Tsar's dominions and standing memorials of the wide sway of his sceptre in the East. The renewed activity of the Japanese navy in seeking to fasten on actual territory of their huge opponent may be explained by considerations of sentiment therefore as well as on strategic grounds, but in the latter aspect it has an interest for this country perhaps as high as anything that has yet come to pass during the war.

A concrete example of the fact that a naval and military force combined may do much, where a purely naval force could accomplish nothing, and where a purely military force could not even attempt anything, is being unrolled before us, and we are once more reminded how a great waterway may lend itself to such combined action, and how the configuration of a frontier may offer exceptional opportunities to a Power that knows how to wield amphibious force. We say "reminded" advisedly, for history is once more repeating itself, and we are but meeting with fresh illustrations of a principle which has many times governed the course of military operations in the past. A Power which has attained an absolute predominance at sea can direct its strength where it will, but it is when a mighty river places its resources at its disposal that its arm can reach the furthest. Our warships of light draught co-operated with the movements of our armies on Cairo after Abercromby's successful disembarkation in 1801. In our wars in China they again exhibited the same energies when the waterways favoured them, and gunboats on the river played no small part in our expeditions nearly half a century ago. But it is from America, where Nature works on a scale as colossal as in the East, that the most salient examples of naval and military co-operation still being exerted miles away from a coast-line may be culled. In the War of Secession the North had gained as absolute a maritime preponderance over the South as Japan now enjoys over Russia in the Far East. When once an unassailable superiority had been gained the boldest conceptions were put in practice, and the strategic

situation was influenced by the navy in the very heart of the continent, even hundreds of miles away from the blue water. McClellan's expedition to the James River, the turning of the Confederate right flank, and the menace to their capital were all made possible by naval assistance lavishly and fearlessly bestowed. More noteworthy and more brilliant however were the less well-known operations of General Grant and his naval comrades on the Mississippi in 1862. An advance up the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers directly threatened the lines of communication of any Confederate force invading Kentucky, nor could the western side of Tennessee be occupied by the enemy while the Federals remained masters of a river which divided the State. When Fort Henry on the Tennessee fell to Grant's assault four ironclads and three wooden gunboats were acting in closest co-operation with him, and the elation of the Northern people at this brilliant illustration how their navy might assist them was well justified. When a year later Porter's river fleet ran past Vicksburg to the aid of Grant, another exhibition of the ubiquity of naval strength was given, and another example of naval and military co-operation of the first order was supplied. The general, in short, who is in so fortunate a position as to possess control of such a waterway as the Mississippi and has a predominant navy behind him becomes a master of the situation. In the river he possesses a road which can neither be destroyed nor permanently blocked. Transports can carry in their holds supplies closely packed together and in intimate touch with the armed force and armament that is to give them protection. No railway guards at short intervals for many miles need fritter away the strength of the fighting force, the service of security so essential to the safety of a road may largely be dispensed with. A force may be carried for hundreds of miles into the very heart of a hostile territory absolutely secure against surprise, and self-supporting as regards supplies and ammunition. The news that the Amur has been approached by the dominant Japanese navy is therefore a piece of information that may justly cause a flutter of excitement amongst those of us who study naval and military operations. It is true that to penetrate into Eastern Siberia is by no means the same thing as to pierce into the comparatively rich provinces of the North American continent. The climatic conditions are against the enterprise. The difficulties are infinitely greater, and there is less to be gained, for although Eastern Siberia may be Russian territory it has not the strategic importance that Kentucky possessed during the great struggle of forty years ago.

Great however as may be its interest the expedition up the Amur is not to be taken as an isolated enterprise. It is but one portion of a widely spread strategic combination in which both army and navy are engaged, not only in closest concert with one another, but with the five great armies which are encircling Linievitch many miles away to the west. On the Tumen the fleet are assisting the Japanese sixth army which is at grips with the extreme left of the Russian forces which rest ultimately on Vladivostok. The island of Sakhalin has been captured not to gain a minor success or achieve political ends, but to support the operations not only on the Tumen and at Castries Bay but on the Amur as well. The blow aimed at the lower reaches of the Amur again will be felt right up the great waterway to Khabarovka, and the advance from Castries Bay to the river will give it support. Ultimately the river expedition will seek to co-operate with Kawamura, to whom falls the task of enveloping the immediate left of Linievitch. Distances in the theatre of war are so enormous, our knowledge of the Russian defensive works on the river are so meagre that it is not possible to speak with certainty as to how or when a decisive issue will be reached. But the broad conception of the Japanese strategy is before us, and it reveals army and navy supplementing one another's efforts in a manner which those to whom imperial strategy appeals will do well to watch.

FOOD SUPPLIES IN WAR TIME.

"**L**OATH to go through, yet loather to go round." This passage from Dryden conveys accurately the impression which must be forced on the mind of every careful reader of the Report of the Royal Commission on Supply of Food and Raw Material in Time of War issued last Tuesday. Confronted by the facts supplied by numerous and competent witnesses, supplemented by all the available resources of the principal State Departments, their report is and must remain utterly ineffective. Want of unanimity among the Commissioners appears on every page of the report. In the analysis of the facts, the conclusions and the recommendations, important and irreconcilable differences arise which detract considerably from the value of these conclusions. We understand that in connexion with the drafting of the report alone the differences were so great, and the attitudes of many members so uncompromising that an extraordinarily large proportion of the meetings was devoted to it. The difficulties were only overcome in the end by adopting a main report which was signed by all the members, only three of whom did so without reservation or qualification. It is significant that these three were the Chairman, the Prince of Wales—whose position would of necessity induce him to sign with the majority—and Vice-Admiral Bosanquet, who succeeded Vice-Admiral Noel on his resignation in January, 1904, owing to his appointment to the command of the China station. Admiral Bosanquet would probably regard himself merely as an expert adviser on naval questions. In all there are eleven separate sets of reservations, of which the first is the most important, since it receives the unanimous assent of six of the members. In the supplementary report, which is signed by the Duke of Sutherland, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Wharton, Sir H. Seton-Karr, Mr. Cunyngame and Professor Holland, all the important positions in the main report are attacked in turn. It seems to present, on the whole much more logically and concisely, and with an evidently wider grasp of the facts as they were presented in evidence, the conditions and contingencies which might arise, and effective suggestions for meeting those eventualities. We do not doubt that any Government which proceeds to take action on the findings of the Commission must be influenced at least as much by the recommendations of the minority as of the majority.

The inquiry resolved itself into three divisions: (i) the conditions affecting the importation of food and raw materials in time of war; (ii) the amount of the reserves of such supplies existing at any given period; and (iii) the measures, in addition to the maintenance of a strong fleet, by which the supplies can be better secured and violent fluctuations avoided. Under the first head are included such questions as the origin and extent of our imports of the principal foodstuffs and raw materials; the method of transport adopted, whether by liner or tramp steamer, or in British or foreign bottoms; the principal ocean routes which would have to be defended; and the proportion of the whole quantity afloat at any time which is, say, not more than seven days' journey from these shores. Upon none of these questions could there be much difference as to the facts, though the right interpretation of these facts is not always clear. Thus, we find in paragraph 39 of the main report, dealing with the sources from which our imported wheat and flour are derived, an expression of alarm "that during the past thirty years the tendency has been to draw them preponderantly from a single source, the United States of America; but we should note that in 1903, and in a still more marked degree in 1904, a large reduction has taken place in the quantities received from the United States." This passage can only mean that the seriousness of the situation due to the large dependence of this country upon the United States for bread-stuffs has now disappeared, and is not likely to recur. This view is traversed in the Minority Report, where it is shown that the reduced exports from the United States in 1903 and 1904 were due to the deficient crops of those years. It is further contradicted by the statistical tables at the end of the volume, from which it appears that in 1904 the wheat crop in the United States was

14½ million quarters less than in 1902. The exports fell in the same time by 13½ million quarters or, allowing for the increased population, exactly the same amount. With the prospects of a normal crop this year it is probable that the United States will resume the position they held in 1902 of being the largest exporters of wheat to this country.

Leaving for the present the other questions which are included under the first head, we turn to the estimates of the reserves of foodstuffs which are held in this country at any one time. It is generally admitted that the stocks at the ports, at the millers', and with the bakers vary from a maximum of seventeen weeks' supply to a minimum of five to six weeks' supply in August. On the principle that we should always prepare for the worst, when we shall more than prepare for the best, it must be admitted that the supply of this article of first and most vital necessity is at certain times of the year not only "unsatisfactory", as the Supplementary Report moderately states, but is actually "perilous", as one of the witnesses declared. It should be noted also that if the present decline of home-grown corn continues, an increase in our imports being thereby necessitated, it does not seem impossible that ten years hence, when the population has increased and the weekly demand has reached the figure of 650,000 quarters, the reserve at the worst time of the year might easily fall below five or even four weeks' requirements. The outbreak of a naval war would then tend to produce a very considerable rise in price, causing serious hardship to a very large proportion of the population. It is possible, also, that in such an event there would be a great increase in the consumption of bread due to the fact that many of the items in the working-man's dietary would, of necessity, have to be given up. It might easily happen that if we were caught at our worst time, and war broke out suddenly, so great would be the rise in price—due, first, to deficiency in supply or increase in the rates which would have to be paid for freights and insurance, and, second, to panic, that the rate of consumption would rise at least 50 per cent., with a corresponding reduction in the number of weeks the reserve supply would hold out. It is pointed out that in such a contingency the pressure of public opinion might be so great as appreciably to affect the disposition of our fleets, and might thus embarrass very seriously the naval operations. This was the case with the American fleet in the Spanish-American war; the possible danger to this country is even greater. It needs a rise to not more than 80s. or 100s. a quarter for the quartern loaf to reach 1s. or 1s. 2d., and it is not easy to underrate the hardship and misery to the very poor which such or even much lower prices would mean.

The danger is so great and so very real that the Commission is unanimous in deeming it necessary to adopt measures, "in addition to the maintenance of a strong fleet", which would have the effect of minimising the danger. It is in the exact character of those measures that the differences exist. Yet it does not seem to us that the differences are irreconcilable. The recommendation of the main report is that a system of national indemnity shall be adopted to make good the losses of ships or cargoes or both, captured or sunk by the enemy. It is claimed for this recommendation that it will ensure that the number of vessels afloat for this country would suffer no diminution in the case of war, and that therefore the volume of foodstuffs and other materials escaping the enemy and ultimately arriving here will, of necessity, be larger than otherwise. It is claimed also that prices would by this measure be prevented from rising. It appears to have escaped the Commissioners that the first object to be secured is a continuance of the wheat supply; the price is a secondary though highly important consideration. Again, as the disposition and therefore the efficiency of our fleet to secure the continuity of the supply would in the event of war be a carefully guarded secret, panic would not be prevented and high prices would result. The experience of the past shows, on the whole, that the high prices in war-time are not justified by the actual risks run; "panic" is a much more serious, because unreasoning factor in the situation.

The proposal for national indemnity has certain merits however, and could be adopted side by side with the one which we favour most strongly and which is recommended in the minority report. This is the adoption by the Government of a system of free storage of grain in this country on the lines of the scheme suggested by Mr. Marshall Stevens, of the Trafford Park Estate Company. There would appear to be no difficulty in inducing private companies to erect grain stores at a cost to the nation of only 6d. per annum per quarter capacity, the grain being delivered to the mills as required at the same price as ex ship, and the stores being guaranteed to be always at least 80 per cent. full. It would be a necessary feature of such a scheme that in the event of war the supplies should be handed over to the Government, who would sell at prices of one month earlier. This scheme would prevent panic, breed confidence, and ensure a normal supply at ordinary prices. The cost of keeping a six weeks' supply in hand under this scheme might not exceed £75,000 per annum, an absurdly small sum to pay for the work it would do. We have no doubt that such a scheme would, by providing free storage, attract a large quantity of wheat to this country, and there would be no tendency to interfere with private enterprise. The scheme is one which has been well and carefully thought out, and we believe it to be eminently practicable.

We shall return to this Report next week.

THE CITY.

THE break caused by the August Bank Holiday can hardly be said to have restricted business on the Stock Exchange, for the volume of transactions has been relatively so very small for some time past. The members of the public—investors and speculators who still remain in town—are apparently of the same mind as the jobbers, and in the existing circumstances prefer to maintain a waiting attitude, rather than add to their commitments, until something definite is known as to the progress of negotiations between the peace envoys. The feeling that peace will be made as the result of the present conference has rather increased in the City during the past week, but beyond a certain amount of buying for the call of Japanese stocks there has not been any marked disposition to support the view. There has been some talk that even in the event of peace the result has already been largely discounted, but we cannot subscribe to this opinion. So far as we are able to judge the conclusion of peace would mean a marked impetus to trade and enterprise in every direction. The immediate release of funds which are at present ear-marked for war purposes, most of which would be diverted into industrial channels to repair the wastage which has been taking place, will alone be a potent factor, whilst in addition we have a continued increase in the output of gold which would be no longer hoarded but available for the general purposes of trade credit. Those countries which are the great natural producers throughout the world are, with rare exceptions, most prosperous, and with a return to normal conditions we look for a great expansion in the manufacturing countries, bringing a period of real prosperity and consequent higher level of prices in high-grade securities. The regrettable possibility of a strike among the Lancashire spinning operatives has caused a falling off in the price of the shares of textile companies.

The general markets of the Stock Exchange have been extremely quiet, the two sections which have shown any activity being again American Rails and South American Rails, but in the latter a fair amount of profit-taking has been in evidence: the buying of Antofagasta shares has been good and the price is quite likely to improve still further. Mines have been neglected and although quotations have not receded to any marked extent the absence of public interest precludes the possibility of any immediate improvement. In connexion with South African mining we understand that representatives of several of the influential financial houses are now in Madagascar with the pur-

pose of making an examination of the ground which, according to reports we have seen, is marvellously rich: if a small percentage only of the statements made prove to be correct we shall have to count Madagascar as among the rich gold-producing countries. But we should not recommend an investment in the shares until something more positive is known as to the nature of the deposits.

The prospectus which relates to the Bombay Electric Supply and Tramways Co. Limited is an interesting document, and the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. debenture stock which is offered at par should prove a satisfactory investment. In addition to the £600,000 debenture stock there are also offered at par 60,000 6 per cent. cumulative preference shares of £10 each, and we should consider a combination of the two a well-secured $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. investment. The present net profits from horse tramways alone are more than sufficient to pay the debenture interest, and the conversion of the tramways from horse to electric should materially increase the profits, whilst in addition the company should derive a considerable revenue from the sale of electricity for light and power. The experience of the Calcutta Tramways, which nearly doubled their gross traffic receipts in the three years ending 1904, is an illustration of the possibilities before the company, and the city of Bombay which is terribly congested will, we think, offer greater scope to electric-traction enterprise than Calcutta.

The second issue of interest which is before the public is that of the Nova Scotia Eastern Railway Co. 5 per cent. first mortgage bonds for £940,000 in multiples of £100 at $92\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The terms upon which the concession to build the railway has been obtained appear to be fairly liberal and, as far as we can judge from the data supplied, the line would seem to have a reasonable probability of success, as the country to be traversed is claimed to be rich in natural resources comprising large timber belts, good agricultural land and extensive mineral properties. The redemption at the expiration of fifty years of the whole of the bonds issued will be insured by a sinking fund policy with the Norwich Union Life Assurance Society. This is an investment which must be regarded as a lock-up of course but the redemption policy is valuable and the investor will have the satisfaction of assisting the development of a colony which has been somewhat overlooked and neglected.

INSURANCE.

COMMERCIAL UNION, WESTMINSTER.

THE Commercial Union Assurance Company has recently issued a new prospectus as the result of the absorption of the Hand-in-Hand. That portion of it which deals with the Life department is quite a curiosity. For policies which participate in profits the old premium rates of the Commercial Union are retained. The results under these policies have in the past been very poor, but the outlook for the future is slightly improved since the expenses of the Life department are now limited to 10 per cent. of the premium income, whereas formerly the expenditure was about 12 or 13 per cent. This rate by no means represents the real cost of expenses to the participating policyholders since the shareholders in the Commercial Union still take 20 per cent. of the surplus at each valuation. At the last distribution of profits the proprietors' share was equivalent to 6.8 per cent. of the premium income. On this basis the total expenses for commission, management, and shareholders would be nearly 17 per cent., which cannot be called economic.

We doubt however if the Commercial Union is likely to issue many more with-profit policies, since the without-profit system of the Hand-in-Hand has been adopted and is much more attractive. The periodical additions of fixed amounts, or defined reductions of premiums, are guaranteed and on the whole give the policyholders better results than can be obtained from the company's participating assurances. If these non-profit policies prove the more popular, they may perhaps contribute to the surplus and prove an additional source of revenue to the shareholders while causing an increase in the bonuses to the existing policyholders in the Commercial Union.

The future of the Life department of the company is, however, a matter about which it is difficult to prophesy with any confidence. The new arrangements may make the results to existing policy-holders slightly better, or slightly worse, than they have been in the past, but it is scarcely probable that they will make them good. The Commercial Union is a very comprehensive sort of company, it not only transacts Life, Fire, Marine, and Accident insurance, but steadily pursues the policy of acquiring other insurance companies. It is very seldom that such a diversity of business is really satisfactory in any department, and absorptions of other companies are usually unpopular and almost inevitably create friction and difficulty in practical working.

The report for the year 1904 shows that the Fire losses were 55.5 per cent. of the premium income, and the expenses 33.3 per cent., leaving a trading profit in the Fire branch of 11 per cent. of the premium income. The Accident department shows a profit of nearly 20 per cent. of the premiums, and the Marine account provided a contribution of £50,000 towards shareholders' dividends. The net result from all these branches and departments was to yield a dividend of 45 per cent. to the shareholders, a result which after all probably realises the whole ideal of the management. The benefits to the proprietors are scarcely likely to be permanently good unless the company can make itself popular with the policy-holders.

As was to be expected, the members of the Westminster Fire Office have decided to sell their business to the Alliance. We hope the latter company like the tone adopted by Sir F. Dixon Hartland the chairman of the Westminster meeting. He said frankly that "it was the desire of the Alliance to put an end to mutual [Fire] insurance and they [the Westminster] were the last rock in their way". He further explained that the Westminster were told "in no measured terms that if they [the Tariff offices] choose they could squeeze the Westminster out". The task for the members was said to be to "find out what will put the most money in your pocket". There was no regard for the past history of the Westminster, no notion of fighting the grasping Fire Insurance Trust in the interests of policy-holders.

Insurance in Great Britain has been thought to be conducted on sound and high lines, but it is degenerating into a game of grab and when companies like the Hand-in-Hand and Westminster are forced out of existence by the organised combination of the other companies, what confidence can individual policyholders feel that they will be, we will not say, generously, but fairly treated?

THE COMING MUSICAL SEASON.

THE holidays, they tell me, are at hand. Gentlemen and ladies with bags are flying in every direction seeking after that sweet golden clime where the traveller's journey is done, seeking after some Margate or Brighton where it is the traveller and not the journey that is done. And the poor tame musical critic, fagged out by a few months of industrious toil, wonders where he shall go to re-create his original heaven-sent energy; and while in the very act of wondering he is overwhelmed by a deluge of programmes of concerts that are to be given during the impending season. Lowly bowing his head he accepts the inevitable and glances at the programmes. Good gracious! and is any sane man going off into the provinces to attend performances of "Elijah", "Messiah" and the rest with the thermometer at one hundred and fifty million in the shade and plenty of villages to go to where there is no music at all? Are all critics insane? Why on earth cannot they take a rest? Must they everlastingly be torturing their ears with inferior performances of "Elijah"? These are questions which trouble me at times. How my brethren manage to sit out stale old oratorios five or six times each year—there is a mystery I cannot solve. I know both the "Messiah" and "Elijah" by heart; but if I hear either once in a couple of years I am satisfied. The gentlemen who incessantly demand novelties from Mr. H. J. Wood at Queen's Hall, who idiotically hail Richard Strauss as a great composer simply because his music is uglier than

ordinary cathedral organist's music, could not sleep at nights if they did not hear for the millionth time oratorios of which everyone, save poor benighted provincials, has been tired for fifty years. I wonder how many of my readers who do not live in the provinces know what a provincial festival is like. (It is a subject on which I have harped before and mean to harp again.) We all, presumably, love Shakespeare. But suppose that our reading, year in and year out, was confined to "Hamlet", suppose that we could not go to a theatre without seeing "Hamlet", suppose that at every penny-reading the curate read scenes from "Hamlet": would not the game grow a trifle wearisome? There you have the provincial musical festival. No greater work exists in the world than the "Messiah", but why eternally the "Messiah"? "Elijah" is a very silly work that contains some fine music, but why eternally "Elijah"? It is a pity that when the fiery, fiery chariots with fiery, fiery horses came for the prophet they did not also carry off the composer in a whirlwind to heaven. Music is heavily burdened in this country and not the smallest of its burdens is the provincial festival. The thing is from the beginning to the end a swindle and a fraud. Who on one of its committees cares twopence about music? The committees are partly made up of a number of innocent souls who think that in some mysterious way they are serving humanity by supporting concerts which please the ear and draw in cash which goes to hospitals to help to cure the poor and maimed and wounded; but the more astute gentry of the committee care nothing for music and know nothing about it: they want to become locally famous, it does not matter in what capacity, and they want visitors from outside the town to pay towards keeping up the town's hospitals. It is the sorriest, nastiest, dirtiest imposition ever practised. No self-respecting composer would write for a provincial festival; and when it is pointed out to me that Sir Somebody This or Sir Somebody That has written for a festival I can do no more than repeat my statement. No great work has ever made its appearance at a musical festival. "Elijah" was produced at Birmingham, but that was an exceptional case, and, anyhow, is "Elijah" a very great work? It cannot be too emphatically said that our great musical festivals are a curse to art. The most patient mule on the press of London recently wrote that these orgies were instructive: they happened mostly once in three years, and so once in three years one met the people one had met three years ago and could compare notes—presumably about one's changed attitude to the "Messiah" &c. Possibly the gullible public of London does not know, when it opens its morning paper and reads about the tremendous attendance at Birmingham or Leeds or Norwich, that the columns about these important matters were written either by dull fools who have failed as tenth-rate organists or by clever chaps who have never attended the concerts at all. All the criticism of the festivals is written in the one fashion or the other. I used to attend them, without writing about them, and I have seen and know.

While preparations are being actively made for the attack, in the sacred name of music, on the stranger's purse, Messrs. Newman and Wood are hard at work making arrangements for their Promenade concerts. In these we have the absolute opposite of the provincial festival. At the provincial festival we have the maximum of display and pomposity and the minimum of art and care for art: at the Queen's Hall Promenade concerts we get plenty of fine music and no display and no pomposity. The Promenade concerts have such an attraction for me that if I had not five cats awaiting me anxiously in my little French village, I would stay in London. They are by far the best concerts in the world. One listens better because one is not compelled to listen. You do not go to a promenade concert with a long face and a heavy heart, feeling that something has to be gone through: you go cheerfully as an old Fiji islander goes to be buried alive, feeling that it will be over soon and in the meantime there is nothing but the most trifling inconvenience. And even that inconvenience may be avoided if you keep out of a certain accursed space where smoking is not allowed. The interdiction of

smoking at ordinary concerts is one of the gravest errors made in modern times. All musicians smoke. Have I not seen Busoni rehearsing the "Emperor" concerto with a huge cigar in his mouth and Ysaÿe conducting the orchestra while he puffed away at another; have I not seen a Tristan take a cigarette from his lips to utter words of heart-felt passion and—shame on me that I should say it!—the Isolde grabbing for that same cigarette? I used to be told at school that Sir Walter Raleigh invented potatoes and smoking. The potatoes his ghost may keep—and feed upon if he wants to keep thin—but let us bless him for the glorious gift of tobacco. Sitting in one's own home how much better a Beethoven or Schubert quartet sounds when one's pipe is drawing well; what a dreary affair used to be a Pop. when Joachim used to please Mr. Maitland's ears by getting three-quarters of a tone off the note and one had no pipe! I know Mr. Wood to be a very conscientious man; but if he only knew it he need not take half so much trouble about the Promenades as about his ordinary concerts. Smoke enables us to understand the great masters with the greatest of ease and when we have not got it we become cross. I myself was forbidden the use of my pipe and did without it for eighteen months, and towards the end of that period I had quarrelled with (1) my editor, (2) the office-boy, (3) the waiter at the restaurant where most I do repair, besides on more than one occasion speaking over-harshly to my cats. All this goes to show that if music has charms to soothe the savage breast, smoke is an indispensable adjunct. To listen to a mighty musical work without smoking is nothing less than a crime. If anyone should charge me with a lack of "pedantic accuracy" and declare that women enjoy Beethoven's Fifth symphony I can only say that I am not responsible. Women as well as men do things they ought not to.

The programmes issued for the Promenades are amongst the most interesting I have ever seen. To go into the provinces to hear "Elijah" when one can hear in London works in which we have not been soaked since infancy is an act of lunacy. The list of novelties alone is formidable. Mr. William Wallace is represented by a symphonic poem on a namesake of his who created some disturbance in Scotland prior to the battle of Bannockburn; and Mr. F. Delius' "symphonic poem" Paris will be played. I know this work very well and can honestly say it is a fine one, but why Delius should call it a symphonic poem is a conundrum to which I have no answer. Mahler's infantile symphony in G will be given. Mahler is a very great conductor, but someone who has influence over him ought to tell him not to try to compose. Amongst the "additions to the repertoire of the Queen's Hall Orchestra" are some items by Haydn and Schubert; and this shows we are getting on. I hope Mr. Wood will not forget that a few things by a composer called Mozart yet remain unplayed. However, we are going to have a great time; and we can depend upon everything being finely played. Mr. Wood has stuck nobly to his guns and refuses steadily to tolerate the deputy system. I suppose the fundamental reason of the split in his orchestra was that all the members of the band had got upon one another's nerves and wanted a change, but Mr. Wood was quite right to insist that the man who plays at the rehearsal should play at the concert—else why have rehearsals? If the recreants had their way the Queen's Hall concerts might easily have become as bad as the Philharmonic's.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

MRS. GILPIN'S WEDDING-DAY.

A SMALL but important person has just looked up from her picture-book to propound the following conundrum: "Wasn't it rather rude of Mrs. Gilpin to tell her husband that she had spent with him twice ten tedious years?"

Rashly he answered: "Oh, my dear! John wouldn't mind. He'd know she didn't mean it." Rashly—because in the upturned eyes there dawned at once the desire to cross-examine, a look which we have learnt to know and dread, since to lie to those eyes is for-

bidden, and to tell them the truth, as we dimly perceive it through middle-aged spectacles, with reservations here, and subaudita there, and exceptis excipendis everywhere, is impossible.

Happily, "There came to pass", as Mazzini used to say, a butterfly. The small inquisitor has fluttered off after the insect, and will, by the time she gets back, have forgotten the query she left behind her.

The question, as she put it, does not interest us much. Though we were loth to brush the bloom from a child's faith in the significance and truth of adult utterances, we really believe that, after twenty years' matrimony, John wouldn't mind. Had Mrs. Gilpin, in the honeymoon, said that she had passed twice ten tedious days, we think that John's feelings might have been hurt. He was young, and would flounce off to his trainband friends and go "campaigning at the King of Bohemy". Returning, he would find Mrs. Gilpin gone to her mother's, &c. &c., amoris redintegratio. But if Mrs. Gilpin was ever bored, it was probably in her honeymoon. When we meet a newly-married person, just returned in good case, we benevolently chortle "You have got over the worst of it, my boy!" We say, "Res age: tutus eris". If we met—of course we never do—a person who looked melancholy in those circumstances, we should still say, "You have got over the worst of it, my dear! You will find it improve incredibly as you go on!" We do not hold with honeymoons. Don Quixote tested his helmet, and shore away a large part of it at the first blow. Like a wise man, he patched it with cardboard, and did not again try its strength. Great must be the love that could bear up against the swashing blow of a second honeymoon.

The Gilpins, however, had long survived that fiery ordeal, that terrible test to which, in our wisdom, we expose untried affection. Perhaps they had been lucky enough to shirk it altogether and, after an afternoon's junketing, go home on their wedding-day. Any way, after twenty years, we think that Mrs. Gilpin might safely say what she would to her husband.

What interests us more is the question whether Mrs. Gilpin could form a true opinion of her twenty years. Whether she, whether any of us can judge of our own happiness or misery? By what criterion can it be judged? We most of us know melancholy beings with whom nothing ever went right. Their childhood, if they are to be believed, was void of pleasure, their age is full of pain. Perhaps we know a little about the life they describe. To our thinking, they have had nothing to complain of. Sorrow doubtless they have met, and sickness; they are human. But compare their sorrows with ours, and their rheumatism with our gout, well, we think they have had better luck than they deserve. Of course we do not say so. Not we. "My dear sir", we say, "you are a proof of the truth of the old witticism. The reason of your unhappiness, which we fully admit, is that you have a good heart and a bad digestion".

But there be people who are much more pleasing to contemplate, yet to us quite as puzzling. The people who say they are happy, while we fancy that in their place we should be wretched. Johnson's celebrated brutality sums them up (we quote from memory) "I tell you, madam, that the woman is foolish and sickly and peevish and poor; would it not make a man hang himself to hear such a creature call itself happy?" Remains however that whether a man hang himself about it or no, the creature did say it was happy, probably thought it was, probably was. Like "the bravest man in France", "it said so, and it ought to know". Certainly no sage could know better.

William Hazlitt is a curious instance. All his acquaintance took him to be the most unhappy of mankind. Read his letters, or the "Liber Amoris", you will think that he was much of their opinion. Absolutely skinless, he was always jostling in a crowd. Stop him in the street, and you interrupted him; pass him and you gave the cut direct and unpardonable; keep him waiting for his chop, and the waitress had been reading the "Edinburgh Review" on him. Dying, he said that he had had "a very happy life". It is easy to say that this deathbed utterance was a pose: Johnson would probably have said so: for ourselves, we are

quite ready to believe it perfectly sincere. And, if it were, how can we understand it?

No one, we are told, knows whether the shoe pinches except the wearer. Here is a man, no fool, who goes through life, raging because he can't get a shoe to fit him, and, dying, recommends his bootmaker!

Physical pain leaves little impression, partly, we think, because indescribable. The poor "Unhappy" whom to beds of pain Arthritick tyranny consigns would like nothing better than to assume pre-eminence over all other sufferers whatsoever. He knows he could do so, could he describe his sensations. Language fails him, and he can only tell us how bad he is by hideous grimaces and inarticulate yawns. Burns had, we suppose, a knack of expression, but quite fails, to our thinking, in doing justice to a toothache. "Venomed stang" and so on are very well, but how weak; how far from the terrible reality.

The pain over, we cannot even remember what it was like, a most merciful dispensation of Providence. If this be, as we think it, true of pain, surely it will hold good of tedium? of mere absence of pleasure? We remember that we were ineffably bored by most concerts many plays, and (say) one sermon we have heard. We resolve not knowingly to undergo the like again. The like? What were they like? That we forget: we recall only that we were bored, and cannot describe what boredom is.

That a notable dame like Mrs. Gilpin should think that she had been bored for twenty years together is absurd. A later poet than Cowper has said that "Days are tedious and yet years are short". Mrs. G.'s score of years would have seemed in retrospect about a fortnight. "Threescore summers, when they're gone, will appear as short as one." Unless we are to accuse Cowper of an otiose epithet, we must believe that Mrs. Gilpin, fearing boredom on the morrow, exaggerated her sufferings. She was rightly punished by the sad fiasco of that thrice unlucky jaunt.

The inquisitor is returning, not apparently having caught the butterfly, but relieving the tedium of her day with cherries. As she may remember her question, we decamp hastily.

SPOONBILLS.

HOLLAND has three things wherein she may greatly rejoice and gratulate herself—first those great sandhills, making so large a part of her coastline, which, in their true wildness—as far away from Scheveningen, that is to say, as they possibly can be—are a lovely sight, then her windmills, whether still or revolving, and thirdly her spoonbills, the white consummate glory of all her teeming bird life. Beautiful it is to see half a dozen or more of these grand birds proceeding, in a widely spread-out row, up the waters of some shallow creek or lagoon, all moving their outstretched necks and stooped heads from one side to another, with long methodical, very powerful sweeps, as though they were so many husbandmen mowing a field—fields where I write are still often mowed in this way—their great bills immersed at various depths, sometimes right to the hilt, in the muddy and weedy water, which they, all the while, seem to be greedily gobbling. At other times they may be seen thus feeding, in pairs, and when the meal is over they stand together in an attached conjugal manner which is very pleasant to note. Though majestic they are at the same time quaint-looking birds, and the crest of the male—who looks more majestic and quainter—is like the long white hair, combed carefully back, of some professorial old gentleman—ein Gelehrter—with which, indeed, when you have once been struck, in this way, his whole appearance seems in fanciful keeping. For awhile they both stand at ease, preening themselves, or else dozing, with the long black bill thrust amidst the snowy plumage of the back—an immense bill it is, always surprising one by the great development of the spatulate part at the end. You expect this to be large and round and like a spoon, for so you have always seen it depicted, and so is it named, but every time when it flashes out of the feathers, or the water, or into a salient angle, with the light glancing upon it, it is larger and

rounder and more like a spoon than you were able to imagine it in the between-whiles—imagination alone is not equal to such a masterpiece. After awhile the male, as having slept or preened himself long enough, stretches out one great white wing, with one long black leg underneath it, just as any little bird might do—like, but with a difference, as though an elephant were to hop on a bough—and, soon afterwards, walks to the female, when some affectionate familiarities take place between the two, each nibbling the other, often at one and the same time, with the broad, terminal disc of the bill, as one may see horses or cows, standing in a field, do—they look more like that than mere birds. Then, in a sudden manner, as though the necessity of doing so had shot, all at once, into their minds, they make a few brisk steps forwards—a little run almost—and rise in flight. There are some quick strokes of the wings, after which they proceed with little bursts of this, as it were, and, between them, glide smoothly forward on their broad expanse. Unlike the heron—except about its nest-trees in the breeding season—the spoonbill flies with his long neck projecting straight forward, and in a line with the bill, to which frontispiece the long black legs, stretched straight behind it, offer a counterpoise, the one giving the required relief to the other. Thus the bird's outline is like one long straight line in the air, except for the wings, which cut it, in the centre, almost as straightly, at a right angle. Yet the whole effect—the light, flickering quiver and then the gliding shoot forward—is graceful, and becomes more so, as the bird rises higher and higher, and speeds farther and farther away. As it does so, the plumage, snowy at first, becomes more and more like silver, till, at last, in the deep azure sky, with the summer air warm about it, it gives one last gleam, and vanishes. Yet it is not all white and black with the spoonbill. At the base of the neck, where this passes into the breast and shoulders, there is a fine buff collar, whilst the spoon of the upper mandible ends with a spirited dash of yellow. The skin, too, at the base of the lower one, is yellow also—a still warmer shade of it—and it would be interesting to know if this bright patch, in a somewhat concealed situation—a safe retreat, if there were one, from the all-encroaching protective theory—bore any relation to the nuptial antics of the bird. As I have not yet, however, had any opportunity of observing these I can only surmise that such is the case. Like most birds with long legs, spoonbills often stand upon one of them only. The off-duty leg, however, is not, commonly, hidden amongst the feathers, but droops some way down, and, being bent at a more or less acute angle, the two together form a triangle of which the one side is perpendicular. Sometimes the foot of the drooped leg quite touches the ground and in its massiveness and lazy hanging forms an attractive object for the eye to dwell on. The whole poise and figure of the spoonbill when thus standing is delightfully statuesque, and as herons, at this season, are not often seen here, whilst there is no other bird which can bear comparison with it in size, the spoonbill appears to be much greater than it really is. The avocet and oyster-catcher, which come nearest to its stately dimensions—especially the former by virtue of the long, slender stilts on which its elegant body is raised—are hopelessly dwarfed, whilst all others, from the redshanks downwards, as they run about the strand, or dabble in the waters, where these majestic yet grotesque creatures stalk,

“Walk under their huge legs, and peep about
To find themselves dishonourable graves”—

or rather worms, which, however, being larger, in proportion to their own size, seem only the more honourable—a frequent result of littleness.

I have noticed the way in which the spoonbill feeds—the long, sturdy, powerful sweeps of the bill, this way and that, through the water as though a plentiful harvesting went to each stroke—and since this method is a marked one, and the structure of the bill more remarkable still, it might be supposed that the one stood in strict relation to the other. It is an interesting point, therefore, that the avocet, whose bill, slender and up-turned, offers as strong a contrast to that of the spoonbill as can well be imagined, feeds often—indeed

generally—in a closely similar manner. At first sight, therefore, it might seem that, in neither bird, could the shape of the bill be related to their feeding habits—indeed the very sight of two creatures, so differently furnished, using their very dissimilar implements in the same, and that a very marked, manner, is disquieting to the evolutionist. How can this seeming discrepancy be reconciled? or must the case be given up? The salt waters of these seeming estuaries—no doubt originally those of the sea, from which they are only separated by a long, narrow dyke—are, as before remarked, both muddy and weedy, and the weeds, which are of a curious, hair-like quality, are crowded with various creatures, the majority of which appear to be the common sand-hoppers of our own seashores. One can imagine that, by constantly passing their bills through the tangle of this life-crowded mass, both birds may accumulate a considerable quantity of material, but if we suppose the end of the bill, in each case, to be buried in the mud, it is obvious that this can only be collected between the sides of the mandibles. Now when the spoonbill raises its head, the round expansion in which the beak ends often comes up dripping with mud, and on something in this—a worm probably or small flounder, for these waters teem with both—it may often be seen to bite. This, therefore, is one way in which the bird feeds, and as the structure of the bill is well adapted to it, it is reasonable to conclude it to be the usual and most important way. Whether there is a harvest of the weeds as well as of the mud it is not so easy to be sure, but as the water is full of these, so that the beak, in its greater length—the handle of the spoon, so to speak—must be constantly passing through them, whilst the mandibles are as constantly opened and shut, this seems more than probable. But whatever part of the bird's diet may be procured in this latter way, it is evident that the bill has not been modified in accordance with it—the special adaptation is to the mud. With the avocet, however—but “anon Sir” as Francis says. Birds, as well as princes, must sometimes wait.

EDMUND SELOUS.

LE CHEF.

(Concluded.)

I LEFT the country thinking never to return, being seen off by many of the society at the quaint little inn, into the whaleboat which in those days took one to the steamers which lay eight, ten or twelve miles off, often hull down, in the thick yellow water of the River Plate. After two years, lacking advancement and with the nostalgia of the open plains, the horses and the wild free life, I sailed again, landed in Buenos Ayres, and found the place had altered in that time almost as much as European cities alter in an age. No longer whaleboats took one from the ship, nor did a cart drawn by three horses with a Basque riding the near-side animal, or a bullock wagon with a man seated on the yoke, carry one to the shore where the water shoaling made it unsafe for boats. Steam launches pitching on the choppy waves like buckjumpers, in half an hour or so, performed the passage which in the whaleboats often took more than two, and on arriving near the beach, a smart tin pier replaced the wooden wharf which had survived apparently from when the conquerors first landed at the city of Good Airs. But once inside the town, although fell progress had already laid its hands on many of the older buildings, sweeping away the house of the old conqueror Garay as if, according to a friend of mine, it had been nothing but a disagreeable mother-in-law, the old life held its sway.

Still at the corners of the streets the hobbled horses stood. Hard hats, except amongst officials, had made scant progress. Few people carried walking-sticks, but in their hands held plaited raw-hide whips, with silver tops, flat lashes, and a thong to hang them to the wrist. Still women went to church all dressed in black. Basque milk-boys rode their ponies, seated between their cans, dressed half like sailors, half like “gauchos”, wearing the chiripá and the broad belt fastened with silver coins, with a black jacket and thick boots, a sort of cross between the kind a pilot and a cattle-rider wear.

Beggars no longer rode, but with increase of wealth and of modernity, had multiplied a little, as if to prove that no one has devised a scheme to make the rich man rich, and not involve as its corollary the increasing poverty of our poor brethren in the Lord. Arrived at Claraz's, a "changador" carrying my things up from the custom-house, all was unchanged. The owner still sat quietly in his upper room and classified his plants, whilst guests arrived and either at their own sweet will selected rooms, or were inducted into them by an old housekeeper from Biscay who spoke but little Spanish, and that all topsyturvy, who could not read or write or far less cipher, standing for all that manfully between her master and his guests. The bagmen still disputed as of yore about their conquests, the "Gentle Shepherds" drank and idled through the day, cursing the country, but still loth to leave it, knowing that in a British colony they must work or starve, contingencies they did not care to contemplate. In such a place it did not take more than ten minutes to shake down and learn the local news, hear of the revolution up in Entre Rios, the Indian "malon" upon the frontiers, the death of so and so, the feats of someone's horse, and to absorb a cocktail, which done, the world appeared to fall again into its last year's rut. "And Cossart? Oh, yes, he has left off his diving", Claraz said, "and keeps a restaurant, makes a good living and has got a mistress called Emilienne". Dinner-time brought him to the inn, and it transpired that being bred a cook, at the first chance he had returned to his profession and now appeared rather bejewelled, but yet quite the gentleman, to play his game at billiards and incidentally welcome me effusively, and tell me of his altered circumstances and of Emilienne whom he described with so much detail that I appeared to know her perfectly, both dressed and undressed, her ways, thoughts, habits, with "une tache vermeille" which she had upon her shoulder, her business aptitude, and other details which recited openly put the most hard drinking of the "Gentle Shepherds" to the blush, as their conventions and that of the fortunate possessor of "cette bonne brave fille" differed as much as do the stars, both in their glory and their magnitude. The restaurant turned out to be a stuffy, much befied and dusty little place in which one dined extremely well and cheaply, and heard ten languages spoken all at once and loudly, and where "le chef" wearing the habit of his craft went round to every table and talked familiarly to all his guests, hoping their food was to their liking, and Emilienne dressed in grey beige, her hair "en bandeaux", presided at a desk, so quiet and businesslike that it appeared she just had left a convent to come and take the post. The guests departed; the chef, leading me to the desk, presented me to the fair priestess of "céans", who bowed "très dignement", accepted "mes hommages", and comported herself generally in such a way as to quite justify the choice my friend had made. To the outward eye, the lady seemed one of those sensible commercial French women, who in a situation which an English girl would fill after the fashion of Moll Flagon, or half ashamed, knew how to conquer virtue by her seemingly conduct, although she had it not, that is if after all mere virtue can be put beside good humour and real kindness of heart.

Our talk ran on my friend's advancement, his future prospects, on politics, religion, the next president, the drought, the locusts, Indians, and other subjects which a year spent in Europe slackens the grasp of, and in all of them Emilienne gave her opinions when asked for them, in such wise manner and so foolishly, that at last the chef said to her with the kindly air with which a man speaks to a child, "ma belle, go and see what the marmiteons are at", and she, patting her bandeaux and smoothing out her skirt, tripped dutifully away. We sat and smoked Brazilian cigarettes, drank lemonade and watched the fireflies flitting in the trees in the back garden, what time the chef unfolded all his plans. "You see", he said, "that diving business led to nothing"; then, for more emphasis repeated it in French, "menait à rien, pas même ça", and as he spoke he bit his thumb-nail and waved his hand before his face in token of disgust. "J'avais mes quarante ans, yes forty years, so I said, Cossart, mon ami, after all, you are a cook, a cook professed, and it is in les

marmites that your future will be found. I thought of marrying, but then at forty years without a sou, not twenty paper dollars in the bank—a dot—you laugh, at forty years with my black beard becoming grey. I thought of shaving it, but . . . bah! So I went to a lady that I knew, what they call Trotacventillos eh, and asked her to get me somebody, not too pretty, not too young, neither too thin nor fat, a good arithmetician and rangée, and she, the Lord knows where, procured Emilienne . . . il faut une femme, mon cher, that poses you, especially in ce sale métier that I follow now". Laughing internally I told him that his lines had fallen not quite in a hard place, and he, loosening the buttons of his waistcoat, rejoined, "Yes, I have ambition, quand on est chef it always is like that. My hand, you see, what with the diving and the years I spent out at Bragado minding sheep, had got a little rusty, so I said Mon gars, you take this little restaurant, get to your tools, and then when you have saved a little, return home and settle down, after a month or two of course in La Ville Lumière, for before I die what I ambition is to be the chef at a swell London club, so that at last I shall be known for what I am and make a name, eh—". Every ambition being equal, and but measurable by the effort it entails, I cordially agreed, bade him farewell, and in the morning took the steamboat up the Paraná, landed at Diamante, found my tropilla waiting and galloped to my house.

Two years brought me again to Buenos Ayres on my return to Europe, where I found my friend, still prosperous, his little café changed for a larger one, Emilienne gone, "partie la matinée, avec un riche Brésilien", and duly was seen off on board my ship by Cossart, from whom I parted not thinking I should meet him, for his ambition to be chef in a good London club seemed to be quite forgotten in his prosperity. Two or three, or perhaps five years had passed, when, lunching at a club in Edinburgh, and having got a mutton chop, half raw, half burned, I sent (the first and last time in my life) to see the manager. The waiter said that Monsieur Trastour was away, but Monsieur something or another would come and speak to me. He came, and looking up, I beheld Cossart, unchanged except that he had shaved his beard, and looked a little like an actor, with his blue stubbly chin. Speaking in Spanish, I asked him to meet me at a café in an hour or two, finished my lunch, and then sat down to smoke and ponder on the strange meeting after so many years. The chef appeared true to the tryst, embraced me, patting my shoulder with his great hairy hands, and hugging me. "You see", he said, "this is an étape on the way to London, but ogni strada men' a Roma—no, no whisky, it is an article of faith I know here in this North—but I will tell you how I came here—yes a cigar", and he chose a long black oily one, not lighting it, but keeping it stuck in the corner of his mouth. "You see, mon cher, I think it was the sedentary life that got upon my nerves. Then too that matter of Emilienne—les femmes, mon ami, ça vous abîme un homme". He paused and looking at him I perceived that he was growing stouter, and no doubt in general "les femmes" did not appeal so much to him as in the days gone by, although a little later in the street he criticised them freely, as an old troop-horse out at grass is said in story-books to prick his ears at the sound of military music, even when Yeomanry pass by. "Travel", he then continued, "is the best cure for all affections of the heart—you smile—well, well, that poor Emilienne was not perhaps so fatal to my peace, but vanity, and we all have it—n'en doutez pas. You see, I did not like the chaff about that damned Brazilian and his dollars, although, no doubt, had I been in his place, I should have done the same. Better by far to run about the world, even with such an ignoble macaque, than keep the books of a mere guinguette such as mine was, eh? Philosophy is in our Gallic blood, not of course the dull Germanic trash about first causes—woman is man's first cause—but, well—one resigns oneself to the inevitable—so I attached myself as cook and secretary to a diplomatist. Half the whole world I travelled with him for two years, going from Buenos Ayres up to Corumbá, you know in Matto Grosso.

Ah, yes, I recollect, you told me when you first went there after the Paraguayan war, the *alcaldé* came down to the steamer riding on an ox. Well, not much changed that Corumbá when I was there. Nothing to cook, of course, but *charqui* dulce and some *mandioca*, and as there was no business, nothing to write. The people still washing out gold-dust, you recollect?" I nodded, and he seemed to remember his cigar was still unlighted and struck a match upon his thigh though there were matchboxes upon the table, remarking as he did so, "*usage de la guerre*".

"*Mon cher*, a desolating country, hot as the nether hell and damp—his excellency's boots were mildewed every day, and I, though cook and secretary, cleaned them, out of *désœuvrement*, for they were London boots, and seemed a link with home. Mosquitoes like a thick cloud after rain, and every cursed crawling thing you ever saw, the people, negroes almost to a man, and yet, I liked the place—so did his excellency—it grew upon me. Nothing on earth to do after the call de *rigueur* on the governor. We lounged about all day in our pyjamas, swung in our hammocks, listening to our lives. I cooked the breakfast, having a negro girl for marmiton, dished it myself and waited on his excellency, who talked to me quite freely, for entre nous we were the only Christians in the place. Then he sat down to smoke and I stood by and talked to him, telling him of all kinds of things and others, to pass the time away. Then came the siesta and we got upon our horses and rode them down to bathe, going into the river on their backs for fear of the electric eels, the *rayas*, and some little devils of the deep they call a *pejeréy*. Then out into the forest, a veritable decoration of the opera with climbing plants like ropes on every tree, monkeys and parrots and butterflies a foot across the wings. Then back to dinner and a stroll about the town, right through the grass-grown plaza, with the adobe palm-thatched houses whitewashed and gleaming in the night—*bon Dieu*, I grow poetical. But still I liked the place, and sometimes, walking down the street I hear the niggers scratching their guitars or playing the marimba, and wish that I were back again. It's stupid, isn't it? But it's stronger than myself—*mais on est philosophe*. With my diplomatist I went from Buenos Ayres to Madrid, where I got tired of him, gave him his *congé*, so to speak, and left him in the hands of the worst cook I ever met, a Greek, without an atom either of culinary knowledge or of dignity. I found myself in London, and in a month or two this billet has turned up, but I shall not stay long in this cold place amongst these people, whose chief pleasure is to talk about the quarrels of their Churches. Not that I look down on religion, it is a useful scourge enough, and keeps them honest for the fear of hell, and comforts women and all those who never read Voltaire or Rousseau, but for the rest, God's not a bad man, as we would say, out in the River Plate".

So saying the philosopher lit his cigar again, shook hands with me, and went to look after "*les marmitons*", who, as he said, were ever on the watch to spoil his plans and break his heart by letting saucepans over-boil, *entrées* grow cold and tough, and bringing down discredit on his head. I watched him swagger down the street, looking at all the girls he passed, shouldering the men and humming softly "*Popol*", a song in vogue in those days, with its absurd refrain of "*je me nomme Popol*", and setting forth the adventures of its hero when, "*au fond de l'Amérique, pays du Panama, il faisait de la botanique quand p'tite Française passa*".

Six or eight months had passed when passing that fine specimen of modern architecture, S. Peter's, Eaton Square, on horseback riding to the Park, a voice called after me in somewhat Gallic Spanish, and turning in the saddle, I saw my friend emerging from the church. A wondrous change had come upon him, for he was "*cinglé*" as he would have called it, in a frockcoat with a gardenia in his buttonhole. His hat shone shiny as a lifeguardsman's helmet, and was cocked at such an angle on his head, it seemed capillary attraction only could keep it in its place. His boots were like the top layer of a pot of jelly, and in his hand he had a silver-mounted cane, the crutch of which was ivory, shaped like a woman's leg. In his left hand he held new gloves

of a bright "*sang de bœuf*", and on his cheek the barber's powder clung, like sugar on a cake. As a smart wedding was in process I was prepared for anything, to hear he was a millionaire, was married, or had made money on the Stock Exchange. "I come", he said, "from witnessing a marriage ceremony. One of my employers or my clients, all is one, has lost his liberty to-day". As I was still profane to what he meant, he said, "I have at last achieved the summit of my hopes and there is no one rather than yourself whom I would make the sharer of my joy". Then straddling out his legs, he critically scanned my horse and tried to run his hand down its foreleg, almost receiving a slight kick whilst doing so. "Not a bad horse, *mon cher*, a little sickle-hocked I think—what, eh, from South America?—then not a word, we have been there ourselves." As I gazed speechless at him, knowing he knew as little about horses as I knew of his mystery, he drew out a cigar from an enormous silver-mounted case, lit it, and puffing out the smoke, scanning the while the ladies as they left the church, finding no doubt some of them "sickle-hocked" enough, he said, "At last I am the chef of a swell London club, and feel I am the right man for the place, for I have now the time to think my menus out; my marmitons are good, and", tapping on his head, "something here tells me that I shall succeed and make a name at last". Sending my horse home, I got into a cab and took him to a restaurant, to hear about his luck. As we walked through the grill-room, at the end of which the cooks, dressed all in white, presided at the fire, he whispered "*pas de personnalités*". We sat down at a table and I think I ate a mutton chop, red and enormous, and flanked by mushrooms and tomatoes, the moral cookery which England loves, and out of which have grown the brains and sinews of the Imperial race, so dear to editors. He watched me, as one might watch a cannibal with horror and amazement, and being without appetite, as often happens, I can well believe, to those of his profession, drank lager beer and crumbled up some bread.

He spoke about his plans, and his ambitions, and how one day he should retire, and though he should keep on "*my little digging*" here in town, should buy some land at Carpentras, to plant his cabbages as Diocletian did, because he said the air is good there, and that they grew a little wine, delicious, and as he spoke he blew a kiss at it, puffing his cheeks out like a cannon ball. What more he might have said the Lord God knows, and Himself only, for a portrait-painter came into the place, and sitting down began to talk to us. I introduced him as an artist, and the chef, bowing, said, "I am an artist, too", then lowering his voice, he added, "*culinaire*".

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

MOTURING.

A CIRCULAR has been issued to local authorities by twelve members of the House of Commons, calling attention to the circumstance that the Motor Car Act 1903 will expire next year, and that fresh legislation will be demanded. By this Act local authorities are entitled to regulate the traffic in their district to a limited extent. The circular states:—

"The question of speed limit will probably be the most difficult to deal with. Some of us would be satisfied if the local authorities had power of regulating the traffic without the interference of the Local Government Board; others consider that the speed should be strictly limited, but power given to the local authorities to extend speed limit on certain roads.

"Some of us", the circular continues, "advocate increased powers to magistrates of punishment, and the substitution of imprisonment for fine; others that the only method of punishing the law-breaker is by giving the magistrate power to impound the offending motor for a period of from six days to six months.

"Complaints from town and country are every day increasing, and we will be glad of the opinion of your Council on any of the above points, or to consider any suggestion you may think fit to make."

The local authorities are invited to reply to any of the following members of Parliament: Sir James Fergusson, Mr. Ernest Gardner, Lieut.-General J. W. Laurie C.B., Colonel C. Wyndham Murray C.B., Sir Frederick Carne Rasch, Messrs. Brooke Robinson, Rowland Barran, Frederick Cawley, F. A. Channing, George Lambert, E. J. Soares, and J. Cathcart Wason.

It is evident from this pamphlet that the anti-motorists mean business. They are inviting opinions and suggestions from the local authorities, and are doing their best to anticipate the work of the Royal Commission which the Government are about to nominate. Evidently it is time for motorists to take active measures in self-defence. Of course there are several among the names appended to the circular whose prejudice is notorious. Nevertheless, the committee is a vigorous body, and must be taken seriously. It is well that the committee contains adherents of both the great political parties. Nothing could be more unfortunate than for the destinies of the automobile movement to be regulated by party vicissitudes.

The case against motors is succinctly stated in the last report received by the Surrey County Council from their Surveyor:—

"The fast cars with their large tyres damage the roads considerably. On the flint roads the sucking action of the large tyres draws the small metal to the surface, leaving the larger metal loose below and covering the surface with a layer of fine, sharp grit. After a shower of rain the damaged lengths often appear smooth and fair again; but the small metal is all on the surface, the larger metal below being still unwedged and loose, and the whole road in such a condition that it rapidly wears and makes much dust under ordinary traffic. On macadamised lengths of road the action of the cars is different. On granite roads small hollows or depressions are quickly formed, and the tyres suck the softer metal out of the depressions and rapidly accentuate the unevenness of the road."

Moderate in tone as the statement is, it seems to be largely the result of a theory, as it would of course be impossible to examine closely the effect of the passage of a motor-car during its transit. Speaking of the various experiments made in connexion with tar for road purposes, the surveyor admits that he is hopeful of something being done to save wear and prevent dust, but he doubts whether any treatment with tar will prove successful for roads used by heavy traffic.

The Siddeley-Meyan match has resulted in a dead heat, both the competing cars having successfully completed the distance without infringing any of the exacting conditions laid down for the trial.

The trial originated in an article which appeared some time ago in the "Times", and which claimed for a British motor-car the record for trustworthiness. This claim was resented by the leading representatives of French automobilism with the result that M. Paul Meyan, editor of "La France Automobile", threw out a challenge offering to demonstrate the trustworthiness of his French-made car (a 24 horse-power De Dietrich, two years old) against that of any similar car of British construction. He stipulated that the cars should run over a distance of 5,000 kilometres in daily runs of from 350 to 660 kilometres, the stakes to be £400 a side. This challenge was accepted by Mr. Siddeley and the match was run off ending in a dead heat.

BRIDGE.

THE OPENING LEAD AGAINST A SUIT DECLARATION.

WE fear that our readers will be growing rather tired of this subject, but it is really such an important feature in the game of bridge that it is necessary to dwell upon it at considerable length. The present article, however, will conclude the subject in this series.

An exception to the rule of the opening lead being purely defensive is when the leader holds considerable strength in the trump suit—not sufficient strength to

double on, but still strength enough to keep the declaring hand in check, and to prevent the dealer from extracting all the trumps. In this case the position of affairs is entirely altered. The game is in no danger, and the leader's plan of campaign should be an attacking, not a defensive one. He should open his best suit, and try to weaken the declaring hand by forcing him to trump, with the ulterior object of bringing in his own long suit, as at whist, when all the trumps are exhausted. Say that hearts are declared by the dealer, and the leader holds

Hearts—king, knave, 9, 8.

Diamonds—6.

Clubs—king, knave, 10, 9, 3.

Spades—ace, 6, 2.

This is not a doubling hand, but it is a good hand, a hand on which there is practically no chance of losing the game, and a very fair chance of winning the odd trick or more with the assistance of one or two useful cards in the partner's hand. The lead of the single diamond would be a very bad one with this hand. The leader is in no hurry to make his trumps by ruffing. At least two, and very likely three, of them are certain to make, with the declared strength behind him, and he would be only weakening his own hand by leading for a ruff. His lead here should be the knave of clubs, because, if his partner has either the ace or queen, the suit is at once established, and the strong hand against him can be forced with manifest advantage. The dealer has probably declared hearts on five headed by ace, queen, or ace, queen, 10, and directly the dealer's hand is once forced, the strength in trumps is equalised between the dealer and the original leader. With these sorts of hands it is generally a case of the player who gets the first force on his adversary winning the odd trick or more.

When the dealer has passed the declaration, and the dummy has declared either diamonds, clubs, or spades, the heart suit is a very safe one to open, especially if the leader is himself weak in that suit. Somebody must have strength in hearts. Neither the dealer nor the dummy has declared hearts, therefore the strength does not lie with either of them, and it must be with the leader's partner.

It is always dangerous to open a weak black suit on a passed call. The dealer has practically declared, by passing the declaration, that he has no great strength in either hearts or diamonds, but he has said nothing about the black suits, and he may be very strong in either of them. When the declaration has been passed, it is always better, *ceteris paribus*, to open a red suit in preference to a black one.

The conditions are again entirely altered when the leader's partner doubles a suit declaration. The leader must now abandon his own game altogether, and play solely for his partner's hand. When the declaration has been made by the dummy, it is right, in nine cases out of ten, for the leader to open with his highest trump, whatever it may be, and whatever the rest of his hand may consist of. Showing his strong suit first, which some players are very fond of, is a mistake. His partner may be trusted to find out his strong suit without that, and it may happen that his partner has only one of that strong suit, and is not able to put him in again. When a player doubles, lying over the declarer, it is tantamount to asking his partner to lead his highest trump on the first opportunity, and this demand should always be complied with. When the leader holds a singleton, and two or three small trumps, it is very tempting to lead the singleton, but it is not the right game. By so doing he is playing for his own hand instead of for his partner's, and, when any declaration is doubled, it is obligatory on the doubler's partner to give up his own game and to play entirely for his partner.

On the rare occasions when the leader's partner doubles a strong suit declaration made by the dealer the position is again different. Here the leader should not begin with a trump, as the declarer is now lying over the doubler. In this case he should lead a singleton if he has one, or failing that, he should open his strongest suit, and play an attacking game not a

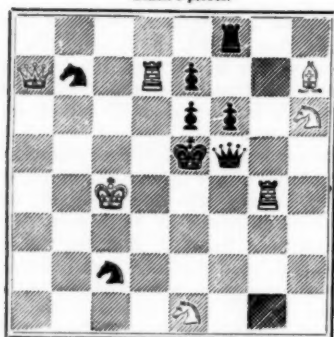
defensive one, the strength in trumps being now declared with him instead of against him.

An extraordinary idea prevails among a large section of bridge players that when the leader's partner doubles a declaration of spades made by the dummy, it is not right to lead a trump. It is impossible to ascribe any why or wherefore to this idea, but there it is. In these latter days, aided by the light of experience, this idea is being slowly rooted out, but very slowly. Even now one meets many players who cannot be induced to lead a trump at once when their partner doubles spades—they will lead anything rather. "Hellespont" says, "If the leader's partner does not wish a trump led to him at once, he has no business to double", and in this case "Hellespont" is very right. The doubler has either doubled on strength in trumps, or on great strength in plain suits, or on a good all-round hand, and in any case it must be to his advantage to have a trump led at once, as no sane man would double simply on the chance of making a small trump or two by ruffing. Whenever a player, on the left of the declarer, doubles a suit declaration, it is obligatory on his partner to lead his highest trump, at the earliest possible opportunity.

CHESS.

PROBLEM 34. BY S. LOYD.

Black 8 pieces.



White 7 pieces.

White to mate in two moves.

Solutions to above will be duly acknowledged.

KEY TO PROBLEM 33: 1. B-R7 B×P. 2. P-B7 Kt-Kt3. 3. K-Kt1 Kt-B1 (only move). 4. K-R1 Kt move 5P-B8=Q Kt×Q. Stalemate.

The following game, played in the last British Chess Federation Championship Tournament held at Hastings, is taken from the "Schachjahrbuch" for 1904. Incidentally it may be observed that there is something radically wrong in the condition of chess in this country when the records of what transpires here are found only in German publications. For a permanent record of the transactions of the British Chess Federation or of any other important chess event in this country recourse must be had to the above annual. To say the least of it, this is not a dignified position for British chess to be in. Perhaps the B.C.F. will some day recognise as one of its functions the publication of an annual record at least of its own transactions. Chess literature is in a more backward state in this than in almost any other country. This is the more remarkable because we have it on the very highest authority that the game is played more extensively in England than anywhere else. The numerous events which take place here every year and which arouse a very considerable degree of immediate interest are lost or forgotten as soon as they have taken place. Substantial advance in chess, as in every other art, can only be assured when past events are recorded and become readily accessible to everyone. We are confident that the attempt would well repay the enterprise of any publisher.

RUY LOPEZ.

White	Black	White	Black
C. E. C.	A. J.	C. E. C.	A. J.
Tattersall	Mackenzie	Tattersall	Mackenzie
1. P-K4	P-K4	4. P-Q3	P-Q3
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	5. P-B3	
3. B-Kt5	Kt-KB3		

The object of this move is to prepare for P-Q4 with the idea of establishing a centre. It also ensures the retention of the king's bishop by making a retreat for it on B2. But whether it is worth the time spent in accomplishing these little things is always a matter of contention. Meanwhile this move retards the development of white queen's pieces.

5.	B-Q2	8. Kt-B1	Castles
6. B-R4	P-KKt3	9. P-KR3	P-Q4
7. QKt-Q2	B-Kt2		

With this move black renders nugatory all white's strategy. As with the exchange of one of the centre pawns no centre can be established, white's last five moves have practically been useless.

10. Q-K2	P×P	11. P×P	Kt-Q5
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An instructive example of the value of superior development.

12. P×Kt	B×B	14. B-Kt5	
13. P-QKt3	P×P		

If instead 14. P×B then Kt×P followed by R-K1 and P-Q6 wins.

14.	P-Q6	16. P×B	
15. Q-K3	R-K1		

White evidently appreciates that he has a wretched game. The débâcle can be delayed by R-Q1, Kt (B1)-Q2 and castling. But black's extra pawn and superior position must ultimately succeed. White therefore gathers in as much material as possible in hopes that something may turn up.

16.	R×P	19. B×P	R-QB1
17. Q×R	Kt×Q	20. B-B4	R-B7
18. B×Q	B×R		

Threatening R-K7 ch, Kt-B6 ch, and B-Kt7 mate.

21. Kt-Kt3	B-B6 ch	22. K-B1	
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If white interposes Kt or B, then R-B8 mate.

22.	B-Q7	24. K-K1	
23. B×B	Kt×B ch		

If K-Kt1, then follows 24. . . . R-B8 ch; 25. K-R2, Kt×Kt ch; 26. P×Kt, R×R ch, and P-Q7.

24.	Kt-B5	27. K-K1	R-R8 ch
25. K-Q1	R×RP	28. K×P	R×R
26. Kt-K2	P×Kt ch	29. Resigns.	

To all intents and purposes black has a winning game on the 10th move, due entirely to the fact that while each of his moves in the opening developed, or prepared to develop, one of his pieces, white attempts to carry out a prearranged plan regardless of opposing tactics.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IRISH EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 August, 1905.

SIR,—Your English readers can scarcely conceive it possible that, even in Ireland suffering as it has been for years under the very worst form of misgovernment, a system of education so antiquated, so entirely out of touch with the needs of the nation, and so absolutely removed from the control either of the people or Parliament, should be permitted to exist.

Let me deal shortly with primary education first. We have in Ireland over 8,000 primary schools, affording room for an average daily attendance of over 600,000 pupils, and giving employment to over 12,000 teachers. The amount voted yearly for carrying out this system is about £1,300,000.

This is a considerable sum of money spent on a

service which in every other country but Ireland is regarded as the most important and essential for the progress of the nation. In Ireland—the land of nominated and irresponsible boards—this money is annually spent and this great service is conducted without giving any voice or control whatever to the people. A Board in Dublin of twenty men does all. Neither county councils, corporations, members of Parliament, nor any Irish representative bodies have anything to say to the education of their own children; and while thus excluded by law we are taunted with taking no interest in education. It is true that the parish priest or the Protestant minister of each parish is permitted to select from amongst the Board's certificated teachers those who are to teach in his schools as well as to dismiss them should they prove unworthy. There his control ends. This is the limit of local powers in Irish education. Contrast this with what is done in England, Scotland, Germany or America and you have an idea of the generosity and confidence with which our rulers treat us in this, to us at least, vital question.

Let me try to give your readers an idea of this famous Board. Their number is twenty, half Catholic and half Protestant. They are a sort of Irish House of Lords appointed by the Lord-Lieutenant to hold office for life. Once appointed they are independent of everybody. For Irish public opinion they have, of course, the supreme contempt. They can and do snap their fingers at the House of Commons from whose control they are by their charter free. To qualify for entrance to this select society a knowledge of horse-racing is more important than expert knowledge of education systems. The country squire who deems education the worst affliction that could befall the Irish peasant is more welcome than the experienced teacher. No man tainted with sympathy for the cause of the people will ever be appointed. The Catholic as well as the Protestant must be opposed to national demands, with the exception of the Catholic bishop whom the authorities put on as a sort of leaven of this incongruous mass. Not a teacher is on the Board. There is no committee of experts from the teaching or any other body whom the Board might consult. Even the resolutions of county councils and corporations on specific subjects as they arise are treated with indifference. I shall not pursue the matter further. I have given my readers a picture which I have not drawn from a museum, but from the actual realities of Irish life as represented by Dublin Castle.

The salaries paid to teachers in I.U. schools are so miserably small that it is impossible to expect men of any ability to enter, or remain in, the service. After five years' training as monitor and two years in one of the Board's training colleges a master gets £56 per annum and a mistress £44. This is the highest commencing salary paid, whether the teacher becomes principal or assistant, gets control of a large or a small school. At the present time more than two-thirds of the Irish teachers—8,700—are in receipt of salaries varying from £36 to £77 per annum. Surely it is waste of time to expect educated men, with ambition, ideals or character to enter a service where the salary and prospects are so miserable as in the Irish teaching profession. Yet the Commissioners in their rules require that "teachers should be persons of Christian sentiment, of calm temper and discretion; they should not only possess the art of communicating knowledge, but be capable of moulding the mind of youth, and of giving to the power which education confers a useful direction" and as if in mockery they add: "These are the qualities for which patrons or managers of schools should look when making a choice. They are those which the Commissioners are anxious to find to encourage and to reward."

Mr. Dale, an English inspector, sent over last year to inquire into and report on Irish education, has written the strongest possible condemnation of the system and its results, "Neither the cleaning nor the maintenance of the school buildings in a state of good repair receives careful attention". Some of the schools he visited were "disgraceful". "Very few of the schools have any proper lavatories and of many it may be said that the only substitute for a lavatory is a tap, generally in a corner with sloppy surroundings." He

reports that there are scarcely any playgrounds to be found, the schools are not heated during winter. So much for town schools. What does he say of the country schools?—"The floors are dirty, the out-offices indescribably filthy, &c." All this is due to the fact that there is no local authority having power to raise funds for the purpose of keeping schools in order, while the N. Board is quite indifferent on the matter.

I could go on giving extract after extract from this interesting report showing unsuitable buildings, want of equipment, and the generally antiquated character of the Irish school system; but I have given sufficient to give your readers some faint idea of the discreditable and almost criminal condition of Irish primary education, for which not the Irish people, who are powerless, but the English Government, which denies them in this matter the elementary rights of the citizen, is wholly responsible.

The answer is sometimes given by Irish Chief Secretaries, when trying to show England's generosity towards Irish education, that Ireland gets from the State more proportionately for primary education than either England or Scotland. Mr. Long, in reply to a question of mine in the House on 7 August, had to admit that the amount voted by the State for primary education in the three countries is, per head of the population:—

In England . . .	7s. 4d.
In Scotland . . .	7s. 7d.
In Ireland . . .	6s. 5d.

and that Ireland is entitled, on this basis, to £259,000 per annum more than she is at present receiving.

Not alone is the Treasury withholding from us every year £259,000 for education, but what is even more important than money in educational development, the Irish people are wholly excluded from any voice or interest in this most vital of all subjects, and unlimited power given to a central Board in Dublin whose members have neither time, qualification, nor desire to administer the work entrusted to them. Is it any wonder that Irishmen resent this insult to their people? They would be less than human if they did not protest with all their power while the brains and intelligence of their sons—a fertile mine if only worked—ran to waste at home through neglect.

I am, Sir, very truly yours,
THOS. O'DONNELL.

THE DISCUSSION ON ARMY MATTERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 August, 1905.

SIR,—Will you kindly permit me to enter a protest against the way in which the discussion of the army question is being conducted? Those unacquainted with the details must suppose that we owe all our difficulties to the wiles of Mr. Arnold-Forster and the weakness of Lord Roberts; the simple truth being that the army question would press just as heavily upon us at the present moment had neither of them been born. The difficulty is due to a cause far beyond the control of either—the industrial progress of the country. Two centuries ago, when our trade was comparatively small, the labour market afforded the number of voluntary recruits required for the comparatively small armies then employed. Ever since then our trade has been increasing, and with it the disinclination for a military life engendered by trade; and as a natural result a sufficient number of voluntary recruits, with the necessary physical qualifications, is no longer to be obtained for the large army necessitated by the development of firearms. There is but one cure for the growing evil—a cure successfully adopted everywhere else—conscription.

It is clear that Mr. Arnold-Forster and Lord Roberts have no more control over the cause of our military difficulties than they have over the weather. The daily denouncer of the Secretary for War reminds one painfully of the savage who beats his fetish when it fails to grant what he wishes.—Yours obediently,

H. W. L. HIME,
Lieut.-Col.

THE DEARTH OF OFFICERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, N.W., 5 August.

SIR,—Without touching upon the larger question, may I submit that there can be no doubt why officers of Volunteers are almost ceasing to exist? The love of approbation is the strongest of all human motives. A man who becomes a Volunteer is called a "bug shooter" or something of that sort. He is tolerated, patronised, admitted; but never received in military circles. The force in fact is under the heel of the regulars. Now this cannot continue, and if the Volunteers are to be retained, they must be made quite independent of the regular army, subject to orders from heads of army corps alone. This was the wish of the late Lord Ranelagh, and only thus can there be healthy rivalry, and auxiliaries retain self-respect. At least that is the view of an outside spectator, once

A MILITIA SUB.

OUR ART GUIDES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 August, 1905.

SIR,—In the interests of honest literary workmanship may I be allowed to utter a word of protest against the so-called "revision" of Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers" by Mr. George Charles Williamson?

In his prospectus Mr. Williamson was good enough to assure the public that all articles from the old editions would be subjected to most careful revision by his "staff of specialists" and again by himself (the "supervisor"), so that the book might be thoroughly representative of present-day knowledge. To my astonishment I found that instead of being corrected and "in many cases rewritten" (to cite the prospectus) the articles on engravers and smaller painters were "dead reprints" of those in the antiquated editions, which, as students are only too painfully aware, abound in errors of the grossest description, besides being ludicrously inadequate.

These remarkable methods of up-to-date "revising" I exposed in two papers called "British Mezzotinters", published in "Notes and Queries" of December last. No reply was vouchsafed, but in a lengthy "Note" to the final volume (v.), which is nothing less than an interested puffery of the book, Mr. Williamson asks those of the public who neglect to read their "Notes and Queries" to believe that over 3,000 "corrections" have been made in this volume alone (p. ix), the preceding four volumes having apparently to be content with 2,500 "corrections", or thereabouts. To take one sample of these "corrections", the world-famous pictures popularly known as the "Windsor Beauties" are said to have been painted by "Kneller" (p. 338). Shade of Lely! Strange to say, this gem of information is likewise to be found in the first edition of the book published eighty-nine years ago. And what is one to think of an editor who at p. vii deludes one into believing that the lives of Wright of Derby and Richard Wilson have been "treated of" (i.e. entirely rewritten) by a distinguished art critic and biographer? Both articles are verbatim reprints of those in the Graves-Armstrong edition of 1808 (or the "last edition").

So much for a book which an enthusiastic (possibly ignorant) reviewer prophesies with cheerful recklessness "will take rank among the standard publications of the twentieth century".

In presuming to teach the public "how to identify portrait miniatures" Mr. Williamson can hardly be said to have "made himself an expert of the first class" (again to quote his enthusiastic reviewer). To connoisseurs and picture-postcard-buyers alike is known the charming engraving of Mrs. Elizabeth Scott, the second wife of Major Scott (Warren Hastings' indiscreet friend), and the daughter of Surgeon-General Alexander Blackrie. Yet in his biography of John Russell R.A., p. 81, Mr. Williamson after stating, on the random assertion of a friend, that this lady was "an actress

who possessed a somewhat battered reputation", proceeds to cite a coarse epigram in connexion with her, the words of which, he says, were "given him" by this same accommodating friend. This slander was refuted by me in "Notes and Queries" for 29 October, 1904, p. 344, but no expression of regret ever emanated from either biographer or publishers. This beautiful and blameless woman was the grandmother of Charles Reade. Had the eminent novelist been alive —, but it would be painful even to suggest his course of action.

Yours, &c. GORDON GOODWIN.

THE WEST INDIES MAIL CONTRACT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Barbados (W.I.), 22 July, 1905.

SIR,—The wide influence of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and the knowledge that in its pages there is always evidence of your readiness to assist the side of right, no matter where, is I think sufficient justification for my writing to you on the subject of the contract for carrying the mails between the mother country and the West Indian Colonies.

You are no doubt aware of the facts of this most unsatisfactory business which in a few words amount to this: The West Indian Colonies protest, first against the unusual and unbusinesslike manner in which the tenders for the contract are submitted to them, and, secondly, against the desertion of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, a company which has served them for more than half a century, in favour of a new company whose terms are in reality no better than those tendered by the holders of the contract.

The result of these protests is, that the West Indian Colonies are peremptorily informed that as the Imperial Government pays two-thirds of the subsidy, its views in the matter must be proportionately worthy of consideration, and further that the contract for carrying the mails between the mother country and the West Indies will be discontinued.

Only those persons living and doing business in these Colonies can realise the inconvenience of being without a regular mail and passenger service between the mother country and themselves; but apart from this we in Barbados who have so often been criticised for not working up other industries besides sugar, with the valuable assistance of the Imperial Agricultural Department, can now be said to have fairly established a paying banana industry, one of the essential features of which is a regular and continuous means of conveying the fruit to the English markets, which the contract with the R.M.S.P. Company has hitherto furnished.

The manner in which this mail contract question has been dealt with, the withdrawal of all Imperial troops from the West Indies, and lastly the point-blank refusal to assist in subsidising an all-British cable to the West Indies, if they do not point to the abandonment of the West Indian Colonies altogether, at least do not appear to coincide with ideas of Imperialism; and knowing the attitude of the SATURDAY REVIEW with respect to that policy, I feel sure I shall not appeal in vain for your assistance in denouncing what is justly felt in these Colonies to be most uncalled-for ill-treatment at the hands of the Colonial Office.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,
G. ELLIOTT SEALY.

WAS SHAKESPEARE A BAD SLEEPER?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 August.

SIR,—I don't know whether Shakespeare was a good sleeper, but there is plenty of internal evidence that he nodded a good deal. All poets have done so, from Homer downwards. It is impossible to say how often the critics have caught him napping.

Surely, in spite of your correspondent's cleverness, this is emphatically not a Dog Days topic. It is eminently suitable for the hibernating season.

Yours faithfully, FORTY WINKS.

REVIEWS.

THE REIGN OF THE PARISH PUMP.

"A History of Modern England." By Herbert Paul. 5 vols. Vol. III. London: Macmillan. 1905. 8s. 6d. net.

THE first two volumes of Mr. Paul's "History of Modern England" were received by the press with an almost universal chorus of approval. No doubt the same friendly welcome will be given to the third volume, for Mr. Paul is a clever journalist whose fascinating style of writing and peculiar type of humour succeed in making the dullest subjects entertaining. We have, however, come to the conclusion, after carefully reading his work, that the time has not yet arrived for a serious history of the reign of Queen Victoria—first, because the historian cannot have access to many of the most necessary documents and letters; secondly, because it is apparently almost impossible for a writer, even of Mr. Paul's intelligence, to appreciate the relative importance of contemporary events. His history is little more than an epitome, tinged with a personal rather than a political bias, of the proceedings of Parliament between the years 1865 and 1876. It is perhaps not unnatural in one who has been a member of the House of Commons to overestimate the importance of the work of Parliament, but an historian who sets out to write the history of modern England and practically confines his attention to a narrative of the business transacted at Westminster cannot be taken very seriously. Mr. Paul seems scarcely able to look "beyond the borough and the shire". In his eager desire to chronicle the domestic legislation of each Session—in particular the bustling parochialism of Mr. Gladstone's first Government—he almost loses sight of European politics and the larger interests of the period he describes. He devotes only one chapter to English dealings with the Continent, possibly a sufficient amount of space in view of the interest which English statesmen actually gave to foreign politics when Mr. Gladstone was at the height of his power, but hardly enough for the historian of modern England to devote to events which have profoundly affected the subsequent history of this country. The "Climax of Liberalism" was in Mr. Paul's opinion reached in the Session of 1870. "Between the 8th of February and the 10th of August Parliament took the first step, the step which costs, in remodelling the agrarian law of Ireland; established a permanent system of elementary education in England and Wales; introduced in the army the principle of short enlistment and a reserve; formed a code of neutrality in time of war; enacted a scientific theory of naturalisation; provided for the extradition of criminals; and abolished the punishment of the innocent for the guilty inflicted by the forfeiture of a felon's estate." We agree with Mr. Paul that there is scarcely an example in our history of a period so prolific in legislation. No doubt some of the work of Mr. Gladstone's Government was useful, but we may all be thankful that these periods of feverish legislative activity have been few and far between in the annals of this country. We are aware that it is sometimes the custom to estimate the worth of a government by the amount of legislation which they succeed in passing. There could be no worse criterion of the real value of an administration. When so much is attempted, the inevitable result is that nothing is done thoroughly. The minister who is in a hurry has to conciliate so many different interests that a measure which he has presumably designed for the future welfare of the country has to be altered and adjusted to gratify the needs of the moment. Compromise and opportunism are not statesmanship. Mr. Gladstone in politics was an idealist who attempted much, but accomplished little. For a time he fascinated the lower and middle classes by the force of his intellect and the brilliance of his oratory. But at length even they began to realise that his purely humanitarian policy was inconsistent with the duties and responsibilities of a growing empire. Mr. Gladstone failed to understand that a great nation will not for ever be satisfied to stand aloof from the rest of the world.

Until the Bulgarian atrocities aroused him into violent rhetorical crusade against the Turks, Mr. Gladstone seems to have taken little more than a sentimental interest in continental politics. A working alliance between the Liberal nations of the world, by which he meant France, Great Britain and the United States of America, is said to have been the dream of his foreign policy. Exactly what kind of an alliance he had in his mind we do not pretend to know, but there was nothing very apparent in his policy to justify a belief that he ever did anything to carry his pious aspiration into effect. The one desire of the various administrations over which he presided was to maintain peace at any price. This was undoubtedly the only policy of the Liberal Government of 1868–1874. Mr. Paul considers that their foreign policy was unambitious: a less friendly critic might have called it pusillanimous.

Mr. Paul gives Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville credit for removing the differences that existed between Great Britain and the United States and Russia. It is generally quite easy to settle a matter in dispute if one party is prepared to give way entirely to the other. But surrender is not settlement, and with regard to the preposterous claim for nine millions and a half sterling for compensation for the damage done by the "Alabama", we are of the opinion expressed by Lord Derby that firmness and not conciliation was required. Lord Derby himself when Foreign Secretary in 1868 and also Lord Clarendon in 1869 had made overtures to the United States Government for a treaty of arbitration between the two countries. In both cases the failure of the negotiations had been entirely due to the uncompromising attitude adopted by the Americans. Any future overtures should most certainly have come from the other side of the Atlantic. The "indirect claims" which the United States Government thought fit to put forward at the Geneva Arbitration in addition to the damages to which allusion has already been made confirm this view of the case. Had it not been for the good sense of the American arbitrator Mr. Adams, who found a way out of the difficulty without either side having to give way, the negotiations would most certainly have failed, for even Mr. Gladstone could not have accepted a claim so curiously prophetic of Mr. Kruger's notorious demand for damages after the Jameson Raid. Had the Geneva Arbitration ended in failure, the Liberal Government would have had only themselves to blame for displaying a too obvious desire to be on friendly terms with the Americans at almost any price.

The dispute with Russia, to which Mr. Paul alludes, was settled in a manner eminently satisfactory to the Russians. Mr. Gladstone in return was contented to establish a point of International Law which no one seriously disputed. The quarrel arose from a claim, put forward by Prince Gortchakoff in 1870, of a right to dispense with the clauses in the Treaty of Paris dealing with the neutrality of the Black Sea by a mere declaration that they were no longer binding. This outrageous suggestion, which was probably never intended to be taken seriously, would have destroyed the efficacy of all treaties and should not have been tolerated for a moment. Mr. Gladstone's Government, however, agreed that an international conference should be summoned to settle the Russian claim. The conference unanimously resolved that Prince Gortchakoff's proposal was impossible, but the prohibitory clause in the Treaty of Paris was repealed. Russia probably desired no more.

We have touched upon the settlements arrived at with Russia and the United States, because they illustrate very well the intense eagerness which Mr. Gladstone always displayed to sacrifice everything to maintain friendly relations with all the world. The attitude of his Government in 1870 and during the course of the Franco-Prussian war was even more characteristic of his foreign policy because it showed a complete inability to foresee the course of events or their tremendous importance to Great Britain. It was, we believe, Prince Bismarck's opinion that England might have prevented the Franco-Prussian war. M. de la Gorce, as Mr. Paul notes, is also under the impression that Lord Clarendon, had he lived, might have succeeded in averting the war. Bismarck himself

confessed, as Mr. Odo Russell's successful mission to Berlin in November 1870 proved, that the idea of coalitions gave him nightmares, and he explains in his "Reflections and Reminiscences" how fearful he was lest the participation of France in the London Conference upon the Black Sea question might lead to the intervention of other Powers in the Franco-German question. In spite therefore of the light which subsequent history has thrown upon the aggressive policy of Prussia at this period, we are inclined to believe that this country might actually have prevented the War of 1870, or at any rate minimised the extent of the French disaster. Had Mr. Gladstone's Government taken a firmer diplomatic action in the early days of July the absurd misunderstanding engineered by Prince Bismarck with regard to the Spanish succession might quite conceivably have been arranged. But neither Mr. Gladstone nor his Foreign Secretary seems to have realised the gravity of the situation. They acted on behalf of the British Cabinet "with more wisdom than speed". They were so anxious not to appear to side with either party that they failed to take any strong line of action on their own account which might have preserved peace. They stood calmly aside and allowed the balance of power in Europe to be rearranged by force of arms, as if the creation of the German Empire were of no possible concern to this country.

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

"With the Russians in Manchuria." By Maurice Baring. London: Methuen. 1905. 7s. 6d. net.

"An Eyewitness in Manchuria." By Lord Brooke. London: Eveleigh Nash. 1905. 7s. 6d. net.

ENGLISH travellers go in thirteen days from Moscow to Port Arthur; then they write a book called "A Rush through Russia". Knowledge of the Russian people or their language is apparently superfluous. But the book gets favourably reviewed, and the reader—as long as his preconceived prejudices against Russia are satisfied—is quite content. For once we have a book that does not come under this category. Although its author modestly discounts the value of his observations as "merely jottings", we believe that the serious reader will nevertheless find in this volume much that is valuable in forming a just estimate of the Russian character. Mr. Baring in his capacity of war correspondent attached himself to the Trans-Baikal battery (horse artillery) of Kazaks, and was with the Russians in the thick of the fight in Manchuria. He appears to be fluently conversant with the Russian language, and came into daily contact with both officers and men, making fast friends of the former and chatting and frequently sharing their meals with the latter. The Russian army, it should be observed, constitutes a highly representative type of the Russian nation, since the common soldier is drawn from the peasant, whilst the officer comes chiefly from the middle class, whose existence and importance in present-day Russia it is a mistake to ignore. After seeing the Russian officers in the most trying circumstances Mr. Baring observes that they have been greatly abused. Abroad they are represented as incompetent drunkards, brutal, stupid and unconscientious. No doubt they lack military instruction, but are we exactly the people to throw stones at them on that account? As to incompetence it is more an old-fashioned system which is to blame than the officers themselves. There is a general want of organisation, cohesion and discipline in the whole army, and the fault comes more from above than below. With regard to the proverbial drunkenness of the Russian officer, Mr. Baring states that all he can say is that at the front there was no drunkenness. He further declares that he never heard even the most critical foreign witness during the war cast any aspersions on the courage of the Russian rank and file. The Kazaks are viewed in this country as a special terror to their own countrymen, as brutal convoys and sentries to convicts, or as cruel slashers of innocent women and children. This is not because the Kazak is cruel by nature, but because we know him

only at his quasi-executioner's work as a preserver of the public peace, chiefly quelling revolts or dangerous street outbreaks. Mr. Baring has evidently seen the Kazaks under very different conditions, when their really human qualities have had a chance of display. During the desperate struggle for Putilov Hill (17 October) he had an opportunity of watching their behaviour to the wounded and prisoners: "The Kazaks busied themselves with the wounded, carrying them tenderly to safe and warm places—we were under intermittent fire all day—and bringing them tea and cigarettes." One Kazak was "sponging the face of a Japanese wounded man as if he had been a nurse". On his journey across Siberia Mr. Baring travelled in a third-class carriage with the soldiers, and was much entertained by their facility in relating tales (skazski) which they had heard or read. Historical novels these peasant soldiers refuse to read, dismissing them as Vweëdoomki, mere inventions. They prefer a narrative, akin to their builiuni, of supernatural events combining the fantasy of a fairy tale with the authority of the Scriptures. Strange to say the work circulating chiefly amongst the soldiers in the campaign was a translation of Milton's "Paradise Lost". A schoolmaster in Tambov had previously informed Mr. Baring that this poem was the most popular book in the villages of the Tambov government, and when at a fair in Moscow Baring happened to be looking at a very cheap illustrated edition, a moujik who was standing by advised him to buy it: "It's very interesting", he said, "it makes one laugh and cry". These idiosyncrasies are quite in the nature of the unsophisticated Russian and the sum total of Mr. Baring's observations shows how thoroughly he has grasped and interpreted the true Russian character. His book also illustrates the point of view which can be held by a writer who has been in personal touch with the people, compared with the standpoint adopted by those who merely content themselves with writing from hearsay or from compiled material.

One amongst many other interesting remarks made by Mr. Baring is that our constant use of the term Tsar of Russia—of all the Russias—is incorrect. There never has been a Tsar of Russia; there were Tsars of Muscovy, and when Peter the Great created the Russian Empire, he adopted the title Emperor, one of the many foreign words and terms imported by him. The present Tsar is Emperor of all the Russias, Tsar of Astrakan, and of the extra Russian principalities. We may perhaps remind Mr. Baring that the Russians themselves in talking of their Emperor invariably use the significant term Gossodār—a nomenclature so purely Russian that it is untranslatable into other tongues. The word itself is, we think, derived from gos—short for Gospodch (the Lord) and dar a gift, meaning the Lord's Gift.

Both before and since the Crimean war, the question of India has been the bugbear of the relationship between England and Russia. Mr. Baring observes that according to the Russians themselves: "England and Russia had no conflicting interests, that the question of India was to Russia a fairy tale for the childish, that in spite of this it was impossible to get on with the English as a nation, because they never let the Russians alone, it was a question of pin-pricks on every side." "It is always a question", remarked a Kazak officer, "of barking and not biting; in fact neither the one nor the other, neither definite hostility nor open friendliness, but a series of small vexatious actions leading to nothing except vague bad feeling." The reply to this, I suppose, is that English people say exactly the same thing about the Russians, and that it is based upon the fear of India being invaded. Several officers said to me that they cherished the dream of an invasion of India, but I generally noticed the truth of the saying that Russian officers below the rank of a colonel think an invasion of India an exalted ideal, a possible object and a desirable ambition, whereas all officers above the rank of colonel regard it as an absurdity, undesirable if not impossible. In connexion with this one officer made the following remark to one of the English correspondents, "We Russians cannot fight on sea or in mountains."—"Then you can never take India," was the correspondent's answer.

Mr. Baring's colleague and associate, to whom he

dedicates his book, was Lord Brooke, who was attached as Reuter's representative to the Russian Headquarters Staff until the defeat of Kuropatkin at Mukden. The one book serves as an interesting corollary to the other. Both are simple accounts of what two fair-minded press correspondents saw with their own unprejudiced eyes. For the Russian soldier as fighting material, and for the courage, endurance and devotion of the rank and file to duty, Lord Brooke, like Mr. Baring, has nothing but praise. He ascribes the chief cause of Russia's failures and disasters in the whole of this unprecedented campaign to defective organisation and a certain spirit of *laissez-faire* exhibited by the heads of departments. The book is written with a degree of vigour and sincerity conveying conviction to the reader's mind.

RODIN.

"Auguste Rodin." By Camille Mauclair. London: Duckworth. 1905. 10s. 6d. net.

IN the last year or two the publicity of Rodin has made astonishing strides in this country. From the position of an artist known to a few fellow-artists and connoisseurs he has become one of those figures whom the reporters follow about and whose name is known in all the papers. This dates from his appearance in London at the time when his "John the Baptist" was bought by subscription for the nation; and his subsequent appearances in connexion with the International Society have added to the interest taken in him as a public figure. Such renown is a striking contrast to the obscurity and poverty of his career well into middle life; it was not till he was forty that he began to have any recognition. Fame, when it comes, comes with a rush nowadays, and perhaps it is well that the early years of an artist's development should be guarded against publicity, even at the cost of suffering.

It can hardly be said that the knowledge of Rodin's work has kept pace with his newspaper fame. The current conception of his art, encouraged by English artists who ought to know better, is that of an "impressionist" sketcher, the designer of unfinished fragments, the loose modeller. The casual visitor to exhibitions may be forgiven for such an error, because he may have seen these monuments exhibited in an "interim" condition, and fragments or isolated groups which belong to the biggest of all the sculptor's undertakings. But that artists should encourage the conception of Rodin as a hasty sketcher means an ignorance that is little to their credit, or a malice that is still less so. The later and broader manner of modelling to which Rodin has slowly come is based on a close study of firm and intense modelling of which we have no examples among our own sculptors, or had not till the other day; and only a superficial view can confound the empty smoothness that goes by the name of "finish" with the deliberate sinking of a detail that has been studied profoundly, and heightening of the traits that are chosen for expression.

M. Mauclair, already known to English readers by critical work that has been translated, has done something to dissipate this ignorance by the book before us. He has the advantage not only of close knowledge of the work, but intimacy with the artist and his ideas. No account so full exists in English, except a series of articles in an American periodical which it takes time to disinter, and which do not cover the later period of production. M. Mauclair gives us a chronological account of the production along with the events of the artist's life, and a propos of that critical work, the "Balzac", explains the consideration that led Rodin to modify his system of modelling by an amplification of contours as compared with the measured forms of the models. This part of the book has given rise to a good deal of puzzlement among reviewers, and yet it is something to which we are all accustomed in drawing, in that of Rubens, for instance, which essays to give an impression of the vigour and fullness of life rather than a cold copy of forms. We cite the case of Rubens, because in him this fullness of drawing is very notable; but in

some degree or other it is a part of all vital drawing and modelling, and Rodin goes back to Pheidias examples for authority. M. Mauclair follows closely Rodin's own account of the matter, but perhaps as he states it there is room for a little misunderstanding, to the effect that such amplifying means an all-round mechanical thickening of forms. That is not so, since the amplifying may be accompanied by the inverse process of a deepening of hollows; the rationale of the treatment of forms being to give by an artistic emphasis that fullness of life and strength of character which the dead copy of a cast never conveys. Occasionally, also, the lucidity of the exposition seems to have suffered in the translation. Thus in reading we wondered once or twice whether "plan" had not been rendered "plan" instead of "plane." But with all deductions M. Mauclair's book will be an excellent introduction for English students to the work of one of the most extraordinary sculptors of this or any age, and should tempt them to make their way to Meudon, where the teeming creations of the artist are now to be seen. The volume is richly illustrated and well produced.

A GREAT VICEROY.

"The Earl of Elgin." By George M. Wrong. London: Methuen. 1905. 7s. 6d. net.

THE Earl of Elgin was the prototype in his generation of the Marquis of Dufferin in the next. Both, born in the higher rank, were eminently characteristic sons of their respective countries; the first a grave, logical, reserved, sternly religious Scotchman; in the words of Mr. Gladstone, "a great Christian", in his own, "a humble Christian man"; the second, a genial, witty, tender-hearted, and affectionate Irishman; no less God-fearing, no less industrious and earnest than his Scotch predecessor. Both filled the very highest diplomatic and administrative offices that can be held by a British subject. Both held those offices at periods of exceptional difficulty; to both the country turned for their help in time of stress; both fulfilled the expectations that were formed of them. One difference only marks their lives. Lord Elgin died in harness, in the very prime of vigorous manhood, just as he had reached the zenith of his career. Lord Dufferin died in retirement.

Lord Dufferin's name and career are still familiar even to the most ordinary man in the street. But more than forty years have elapsed since Lord Elgin died, and the details of public services are soon forgotten. Elgin remains a great name, and the memory of the greatest who bore it is still no doubt fresh. But how many, even among those who possess more than the average general information, are aware that it was he who laid the foundations of the consolidated Dominion of Canada; who converted a large and influential section of Canadians from rebels into loyal citizens; who was the first British diplomatist to make the Government of China recognise that there are sovereigns in the world not inferior to their heaven-descended Emperor; who concluded our first real treaty with Japan, which opened it to British trade and enterprise; who, when India was just emerging from the agonies of the Mutiny, initiated the great schemes of Government administration and economic development which now make India the most efficiently governed portion of His Majesty's dominions and have immensely raised the moral and material welfare of its people?

Lord Elgin did all this, and the story of his life is therefore well worth telling. It has been partly told before. Extracts from his letters and journals have been twice printed. The history of his political work in Canada has been written by a distinguished Canadian official. His first mission to China and Japan was described by Laurence Oliphant, and the late Lord Loch's thrilling narrative of "Events in China" describes his second fateful mission. But no complete biography has heretofore appeared, and Mr. Wrong has done good service in undertaking the present compilation.

Lord Elgin's career commenced with the governorship of Jamaica; he was appointed by Sir Robert Peel in 1842, and held the position for the next four years. His administration so impressed the Government at home with his capacity that, almost immediately after its close, he was offered and accepted the more important and difficult post of Governor-General of Canada. It was a trying time for all our prospects as a Colonial Power. Less than a decade previously Canada had been in open rebellion. The two great sections of its population were still divided by the most bitter race hatreds, and to a large portion of the British public it seemed that Britain had failed as a colonising power, and that the loss of Canada to the British Empire was imminent. Lord Elgin, following in the footsteps of his distinguished predecessor, Lord Durham, believed that the saving of Canada lay in self-government by the majority of its inhabitants. So bitter, however, was the opposition of the dominant minority of English race to his policy that he was, on one occasion, pelted with rotten eggs, and on another with stones, and he was told in the press to "go home, unless he wished his name to go down to posterity as the fool who lost the Canadas". But clamour had no terrors for him. His courage and determination carried him over every obstacle. His commercial plan was beset with difficulties hardly less than his political. The adoption of free trade by this country destroyed extensive favours which Canada had previously enjoyed in British markets for her two great products, timber and corn, without which she could not compete with the United States. Her commercial life was for a time paralysed by the change, and three-fourths of her merchants were ruined. After long negotiation Lord Elgin himself, when others had repeatedly failed, concluded a treaty of reciprocity with the United States, which lasted till 1866 and enabled Canada to acquire, on her own merits, a new market in place of the one in England which she had only held by exclusive privileges. But, while taking this step to relieve the immediate and pressing necessities of Canada, he did so only as an urgent temporary expedient, and he anticipated the policy of preference in his desire to see, as a lasting bond between England and her colonies, "all parts of the British Empire formed into one huge Zollverein, with free interchange of commodities and uniform duties against the world without".

When his Canadian governorship ended, hostilities were imminent in China, and in fact had already begun. There was, in those days, no telegraph to the Far East; and as steady direction of our officials on the spot was thus impossible from London, a wise and discreet representative was urgently required, and the choice of the Government fell on Lord Elgin. We cannot now view all that was done during his two Chinese missions with unqualified pride. Lord Elgin himself regarded some of these things with horror. "Can I do anything", he wrote, "to prevent England calling down on herself God's curses for brutalities inflicted on another feeble Oriental race?" But he had a stern duty to perform; he carried his task through unflinchingly, and if some of his measures now appear harsh, it is difficult to say that they were more so than the occasion demanded or than the Chinese Government had by its treachery, duplicity and arrogance justly brought upon itself. In the interval between his two Chinese missions he concluded the treaty with Japan. Here his task was as easy as it was pleasant. The way had been well paved for him by the American envoys, Perry and Harris; he found little difficulty in his negotiations with the Japanese Ministers; and with both people and country he was equally captivated. "There was a perfectly paternal Government; a perfectly filial people; a community entirely self-supporting; peace within and without; no want; no ill-will between classes. This is what I find in Japan, after two hundred years exclusion of foreign trade and foreigners. Twenty years hence what will be the contrast?" What, indeed?

NOVELS.

"The Fool Errant." By Maurice Hewlett. London: Heinemann. 1905. 6s.

Of Francis Strelley's errantry there could be no question, but he was a fool only as any man may seem to be who is born after or before his time. It was in days long after his due date that Strelley's lot was cast, for his times were those of the Round Table, but he was born in the eighteenth century. He lived like an old legend and so he lived like a fool, as a fool, at least, to his equals and betters, but very far indeed from that to those Tuscan poor to whom, poor as they, he elected finally to trust his fortunes. He wished to repair the damage he might have wrought by a careless kiss to a milkmaid with an offer of marriage; he did penance the most humiliating for an affection for his tutor's wife, penance, which she in the end, with a passion grown for him, implored him in vain to exchange for a reward; he married a peasant girl for whom he felt but a friendly liking, merely to preserve her honour from another, when he might have had everything, and pleased her the better, with no assistance from a priest. And at the last, having married her, he renounced his home and his inheritance, and settled down as a journeyman carpenter in Lucca, for no better reason than that there, and in such estate, he was best able to indulge the ruling need of his nature to be naked, and the desire to deal nakedly with his neighbours. Truly an exasperating sort of fool, if one measures him by the common craving for and the common estimate of success. The Knight of La Mancha was a fool of the sort, and his follies are only more sympathetic to our understanding because they were inevitable. Strelley, one is made to feel, might so easily have become a prosperous commonplace and respected English squire. We could have been proud to dine with him and angled for him with our daughter. Instead of which he chooses, ill fed and ill clad, to struggle at a mean trade in Italy with his dark-faced Virginia. It is there doubtless that the exasperation of Mr. Hewlett's readers will come in, and make them do scant justice to a book very subtly conceived and very admirably written, for there is no character more exasperating to Christian England than that which glories in renunciation. The style of the book, which differs from that for which the author has hitherto shown a preference, reproduces very cleverly the thought of its period, suggesting occasionally the manner of Louis Stevenson, and even, as in the conception of Fra Palamone, something more than that. The story might with advantage have been concluded earlier, say shortly after the first visit to Lucca. Up to that point it relies on character for its interest, but thenceforward there is no development, not even really of Aurelia, and the interest declines on incident, not always very adroitly devised. One feels moreover that it is not to the lovers of incident, but to the students of character that the book must be commended, and to those who will find in Strelley's foolishness some far-off similitude to the ways of One, who viewed with no illusions the wisdom of the wise.

"The Unwritten Law." By Arthur Henry. London: Nutt. 1905. 6s.

It is generally becoming recognised that in certain perils which beset the young of both sexes ignorance, once styled innocence, is no safeguard. Such is Mr. Henry's thesis; and he has no difficulty in showing that in the social life of New York, which imposes so few restrictions on the liberty of young people, this ignorance, alike among rich and poor, is veritably "the curse of God". In our own country, too, the moral which he inculcates at least deserves attention. With an evident desire to avoid exaggeration, and with considerable constructive ability, he depicts the fortunes of two families, one rich and one poor, in whose vicissitudes he finds ample evidence in support of his theory. He has a lash, moreover, for the social offences of the body politic; for avarice and fraud sheltering themselves under the cloak of religion; for the smug self-righteousness which condemns the law-breaker without

considering his temptations and the injuries which he may have suffered from the imperfections of the social order. Of the many characters in this story two are especially sympathetic; Karl Fischer, a German immigrant and engraver, who after a life of patient and honest toil is ruined by the collapse of a fraudulent bank, and takes to uttering false notes, without realising the loss and perhaps the suffering thereby entailed on others; and Edgar Adams, the young lawyer appointed to defend him, who by his examination of the old man's case is roused from an apathetic and unquestioning acceptance of the actual organisation of society.

"For the White Christ: A Story of the Days of Charlemagne." By Robert Ames Bennet. London: Putnams. 1905. 6s.

Boy readers who revel in the clash of battle-axe on hauberk will welcome Mr. Bennet's imposing-looking volume. It is crowded with battle incidents, with the conflicts of Franks, Norse, Danes and Saxons on sea and on land, and it has for those who look for love-sentiment its appropriate romance in the love of the young hero Olvir from the Northland for the daughter of the renowned Charlemagne. There is plotting and counter-plotting, love-making and counter love-making—for at a critical moment in his fortunes the young Lord Olvir has to reject with scorn a disgraceful proposal made to him by the plotting queen who has done her best to wreck his life. Mr. Bennet has sought to heighten the old-world effect of his narration by having each page margined with ancient decorations in pale tint, by giving at the head of each chapter a quotation "taken from lays which were sung by harpers and skalds before the high seats of heathen Norse chiefs and in the halls of the Anglo-Saxon Kings, while England was yet a heptarchy". Mr. Bennet takes it for granted that England was a heptarchy, a point on which present-day historians would disagree with the novelist. Readers with a taste for mediæval adventures will find much to please and excite them in the story of Olvir and his young love the Princess Rothada, more especially, as we have suggested, if they be youthful readers.

"The House of Cards." By John Heigh. New York: The Macmillan Company. London: Macmillan. 1905. 6s.

This roman à clé (it is avowedly such) ought to make a sensation in the United States. Seldom has the misrule of the almighty dollar been more unsparingly assailed. It is an impeachment of those "corporations" which create fabulous fortunes for their promoters, and (so the promoters contend) advance the prosperity of the American people. But do they? Not in Mr. Heigh's opinion, who makes us hear the undertone of cheated hopes, and plainly states that justice is corrupted by corporation wire-pullers, and the State poisoned by the sinister alliance of politics and business. It is a tremendous indictment, and if even the half of it be true, Mr. Heigh has done good service to his country in bringing it forward. The story closes with the presidential election of Mr. Ganewood (Mr. Roosevelt, if we mistake not) and the expressed hope that he may save democracy from the Trusts. The book is of almost painful interest, but is no mere political pamphlet. Interwoven with the main contention is a touching romance of earlier days, which has the air of genuine reminiscence. The narrator is a cynical old bachelor, and we know what becomes of an old bachelor's cynicism when he starts to tell a love-story.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"A Queen of Unrest: the Story of Juana of Castile." By Harry Tighe. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1905. 6s.

To the production of a history book several qualities are necessary on the part of the would-be author. He should have patience in research and something of discrimination in dealing with that which he finds, he should be able to visualise the men and women with whom he deals, and he should be able to show that he has done so in the words that he writes, above all he should have learned the elements of his craft and be

able to set down his sentences decently and in order. Mr. Harry Tighe fails signally in this elementary matter. He writes the most portentous sentences in which half a dozen themes are started and dismissed within the compass of a single period: "To her childish comprehension it savoured of some wonderful tale, well in keeping with the life of the camp, through which the Princesses rode their mules by the side of the Queen on her visits of encouragement to the soldiers, who loved the sight of their young faces as they acknowledged their rough greetings with childish glee; or attentively listened to the reason why Isabella had a large number of tents graciously called 'The Queen's Hospital', always reserved, furnished and maintained at her own expense for the use of the sick and wounded—the first recorded formation of a regular camp hospital." Mr. Tighe seems to take delight in mixing his metaphors. On opposite pages we have: "Day by day the sun shone on a brilliant animated picture which almost cloaked the raison d'être of the assembled army", and, to give the tail-end of a sentence, not having space for the whole: "the wonderful poetical tales taught by the Arabs to the Spaniards—fantastic stories that bristled with all the imagery of mystical minds able to overcome the difficulties of impossibilities and enter well within that enchanted land where the powers of all worlds are invoked in order to cast at the feet of the listeners the realisation of cherished dreams." Perhaps Mr. Tighe can "overcome the difficulties of impossibilities" and tell us what that sentence means; he cannot apparently overcome the difficulties of the split infinitive, but if he would use shorter sentences he might at least avoid the packing of two of these offensive forms into one sentence: "But to the Moorish children, fed by the fables of their race, Boabdil and his host are only quietly sleeping beneath white sheets of snow, to one day waken when someone as venturesome as the prince of a fairy story invades its nooks, and wakes the sleepers to once more restore the glory of the Moors in the Spanish land." However carefully a biography such as this may be compiled, its value is negatived if the compiler exercise no due care in his manner of setting it forth.

"Twenty Years in the Far East. Sketches of Sport, Travel and Adventure." By William Spencer Percival. London: Simpkin, Marshall. 1905. 7s. 6d. net.

The Short Story is one thing, a collection of short stories quite another; and seven short stories should be very good to justify their publication in a single volume. These hardly come up to the standard, and would have been better suited for more ephemeral publication. Mrs. Percival's plea that the author's fatal illness deprived them of the benefit of his revision would make criticism difficult on points that revision might have affected; but will hardly make an answer or defence to a question suggested by Chapter III. A well-known member of the community died suddenly. A relative arriving from India on a projected visit—finding him dead—developed symptoms of madness, causing some anxiety to a friend of the deceased who put him up pending the departure of the steamer on her return voyage. The author makes it appear that he was the host, and heightens the tragedy to the point of a murderous attack by the visitor from which he was saved by the apparition and intervention of his deceased friend. Now, how far is a writer, who narrates in the first person incidents of adventure in which he claims to have been personally concerned, pledged to accuracy? There must be still living not a few who can remember in broad outline the incidents related. But they may remember another acting the part of host which Mr. Percival claims to have filled: one who would, moreover, reduce very appreciably the dramatic character of the experiences related, and repudiate the alleged intervention of the ghost. An anonymous story may be treated as romance, even if founded on fact; the question, then, becomes one solely of taste in adhering to or disguising facts. A writer avowedly of fiction is at liberty to invent as many ghosts or other sensational incidents as he likes. But the introduction of such extraneous matter into a somewhat tragic story of real life is not allowable. Of the others, the best is the story of the Australian bush; nor is the raft excursion in Japan badly told; but both depend in considerable measure on the personal equation; and the considerations suggested by Chapter III. leave us in doubt how far that equation can be trusted.

"The Russian Revolutionary Movement." By Kornil Zilliacus. Translated from the original Swedish. London: Alston Rivers. 1905. 7s. 6d. net.

The author has been closely connected with the Finnish party of active resisters, and wrote the present volume originally with the object of enlightening the Finnish public. It is a history of the revolutionary movement beginning with the "first outbreak" inaugurated by none other than Tsar Peter, the Reformer, and leading down to what M. Zilliacus and his colleagues call "Vladimir's Day" in St. Petersburg. As the revolutionary writers all apparently draw from the same sources, it is not surprising that they should have little or nothing new to tell us. M. Zilliacus merely repeats what has already been given in some dozen books during the last few months. The one merit of the book is the author's confession of bias.

"The History of India." By the Hon. M. Elphinstone. London: Murray. 1905. 15s. net.

A fresh edition of this classical work is welcome. There is always a place for it because Elphinstone is essentially a library book—one which besides its value as a history is a mine of information concerning ancient India from which writers as well as readers can draw material. The last edition has been reproduced without any attempt at revision though nearly forty years ago Professor Cowell pointed out that the section devoted to the Hindu period was behind the latest developments of Sanskrit study. In the transition state of knowledge which then existed he held it premature to rewrite the section. Since then much progress has been made and Mr. Vincent Smith's new work on the Early History of India covering the period in question has already done for it all that the most recent research and finished scholarship can do. It was wiser therefore to let Elphinstone's work appear simply as a reprint.

Mr. F. C. Gould's ninth series of "Westminster Cartoons" ("Westminster Gazette", 15.) consists of selections from his drawings in 1904-1905. We rather wish he would drop Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit out of his cartoons. We are weary of Uncle Remus. He has been done to death. Mr. Gould's fertile imagination really has no need of him. Some of the cleverest cartoons in the present selection deal with Mr. Austen Chamberlain. The odd notion obtains in some quarters that the Chancellor of the Exchequer feels adequate to most things, and Mr. Gould plays rather wickedly with this, and with the "stony British stare" of his victim. The cartoon representing the Chancellor as a pushful schoolboy elated at the prospect of being Prince of Wales one day is one of the most amusing in the collection.

THE AUGUST REVIEWS.

The August Reviews do not make comfortable reading to the patriotic Briton. The testimony seems to be pretty general that we have not only an inefficient and inadequate army but a relentless and ambitious enemy preparing to accomplish our downfall. In the "Nineteenth Century" the Earl of Erroll and the Rev. Russell Wakefield, and in the "National" Lord Arthur Browne, see no way out of the present military impasse but universal military training. The fact that the country is not ripe for universal service does not in the Earl of Erroll's view prove that its objections are wise: universal service he is convinced must come, but will it come before or after disaster? He does not blame either the Government or the War Office, but the citizen who will not make the sacrifices necessary to maintain an army adequate to Imperial needs. Mr. Wakefield rejects the idea that military training would breed aggression. According to Lord Arthur Browne, who draws up a scheme of compulsory service, the War Office has a hopeless and thankless task in attempting to provide an army under present conditions. In the "Monthly Review" Mr. L. Cope Cornford like the Earl of Erroll fixes responsibility on citizen's shoulders. We have "commuted an indubitable obligation for a money payment" in the matter of defence and the result is a relaxation of the individual's sense of what is due from him to the nation. But we cannot transfer responsibility, though we may be justified in paying others to fight for us. If we do not bear arms ourselves, we can at least ensure that those who do are properly paid properly treated and properly trained. Military critics complain of the dearth of officers. Two principal causes according to Major Griffiths in the "Fortnightly" have combined to bring the army into disfavour as a profession: one the long course of depreciation to which officers have been subjected by civilian critics; the other the absence of sufficient stimulus and the barrenness of adequate reward. In Major Griffiths' view the provision of a sufficient number of officers threatens to become a more and more difficult problem. In the quality of British officers, which he maintains was always good, he detects evidence of real improvement. He says "a great movement is now on foot, warmly advocated and pushed, which aims at the regeneration of our higher staff and the creation of a great school of generalship, through which the most capable commanders may be evolved, by bringing on the most promising, step by step as their competence is more and more established, until a monopoly is given to the men of brains and approved ability in war". Major Griffiths does not expect that we shall secure "a galaxy of Napoleons" from this scheme, but he does hope for "a higher standard of excellence".

How intimately the state of the British army is linked in many minds with the question of German ambition, or, as Dr. Dillon calls it in the "Contemporary," "German pranks," is shown in Sir Rowland Blennerhassett's article in the "Fortnightly" on French and German relations: the understanding between England and France which it is Germany's desire to upset would, he says, rest on a much more solid basis if England would make up her mind to reconstruct her army. England wants an army to drive home any blow the navy might deliver, but "it is superfluous to state the arguments in favour of universal military training which timid politicians and soft luxurious

people, who contribute to the formation of opinion, denounce so vehemently and call conscription". Sir Rowland Blennerhassett's views are not shared by M. Francis de Pressensé who writes in the "Contemporary". The one is convinced that M. Delcassé was sacrificed to the intrigues of Germany: the other that M. Delcassé was solely responsible for the dangerous crisis through which France recently passed. "M. Delcassé gave to faction what was intended for nations. He wanted to hasten his occupation of Morocco and to inflict on Germany the anxieties of isolation. He did not think it too high a price to pay for those successes to make himself and France the tool of an English faction and to risk a war in which France would be on land in face of Germany what Germany would be on sea in face of England." M. de Pressensé is a frank cosmopolitan: he does not want a one-sided agreement either with England or Germany. We look to the "National Review" for an anti-German outburst as a matter of course. The editor considers that the Emperor's action in regard to Morocco has produced a ridiculous *mus* and to that extent he finds cause for satisfaction. But he adopts a needlessly offensive tone and warns Great Britain to beware of German doings in South-West Africa. He says the Germans are trying to stir up the Boers

(Continued on page 222.)

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and he foresees trouble ahead as the result of the concentration of the large German force to deal with the Herreros, as though the Germans had fomented a rising which has cost them anything from £15,000,000 to £20,000,000 already in order to intrigue with Britain's enemies hundreds of miles away. Mr. Archibald Hurd's article in the "Nineteenth Century" on "The Contest for Sea Power: Germany's Opportunity", is a surprise; it merely suggests that as Germany cannot hope to build a navy which would neutralise British naval power and less still British and French combined, she should abandon some part of her new programme and show that her policy is as peaceful as the Kaiser and Prince von Bülow have declared it to be. In the "Fortnightly" Captain de la Poer Beresford tells the story of the rise and fall of Russia's navy and in the "Monthly" Mr. A. Kinloch in an admirable account of Russian dominions in Asia says that though Russia is never likely to become a maritime power, she is bound nevertheless sooner or later to reach the sea in the accomplishment of her national ideal. He urges that Great Britain and Russia should work to effect a final delimitation of their frontiers in Asia.

Some of the miscellaneous articles in the Reviews are particularly noteworthy. Mr. W. S. Lilly, in the "Fortnightly", goes at considerable length into the question of Buddhism and its message for the lapsed Christians of the Western world. Mr. G. W. Forrest, in "Blackwood", makes a useful explanation of the principles on which India is governed. He finds that "the ignorance which prevails with respect to Indian affairs is not confined to the uneducated masses that mainly form the electoral body of Great Britain. There is not one well-informed man out of ten who knows that the title Viceroy of India has no statutory provision; that the Governor-General is a senatorial proconsul; that the superintendence, direction, and control of the civil government of British India is not vested in the Governor-General, but in the Governor-General-in-Council; that the superintendence, direction, and control of the military government of British India is vested not in the Governor-General nor in the Commander-in-Chief, but in the Governor-General-in-Council; that to make the Commander-in-Chief Minister of War would involve a far-reaching change in the constitution of the Indian Government." In the "Nineteenth" Mr. Michael Macdonagh has put together some curious and suggestive facts concerning "Mr. Speaker", and in the "Monthly" the same gentleman deals with "the craft of newspaper advertising" and particularly with the effect of newspaper advertisements on the development of journalism. When he says the advertisements have enabled proprietors to give us a better paper he is right, but when he asserts that the press is not destined to become the organ of the advertiser we are not reassured. In the "Independent Review" Mr. Philip Snowden says that the Labour Representation Committee is the strongest and largest political organisation in Great Britain, and will run fifty candidates at the next election, who will advocate land nationalisation, old-age pensions, free meals for school children, and purer municipal life.

For this Week's Books see page 224.

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La Revue de l'Art Ancien et Moderne (Mars). Paris. 7fr. 50.

La Collection Dutuit. Cent planches. Notices par MM. Froehner, E. Molinier, Emile Michel, H. Bouchot. Paris, 1905, Librairie Centrale des Beaux-Arts. 1^{ère} Livraison: 30s.

L'Œuvre de James MacNeill Whistler. Quarante reproductions de chefs d'œuvre du maître; introduction biographique et critique par M. Léonce Bénédite. Paris, 1905, Librairie Centrale des Beaux-Arts. 75fr.; on Japanese vellum, 150fr.

FICTION

Everyday Life (Susan Constance Logan); A Solicitor's Love Story (A. Charles M——). Drane. 6s. each.

At the Sign of the Fox (Barbaro). Macmillan. 6s.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS

The Talisman (Scott. "The Temple Series of English Texts"). Dent. 1s. 6d.

Peele's Arraignment of Paris (Edited by Oliphant Smeaton). Dent. 1s. net.

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The Church of Christ (by a Layman). Funk and Wagnalls. 4s.

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MISCELLANEOUS

Calendar of Letter-Books preserved among the Archives of the Corporation of the City of London at the Guildhall. Letter-Book G. (Edited by Reginald R. Sharpe). London.

Duties of Women, The (Frances Power Cobbe). Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.

Norway. Sampson Low. 8s. 6d. net.

Parisians Out of Doors (F. Berkeley Smith). Funk and Wagnalls. 6s.

Report on Secondary and Higher Education in Hampshire (Michael E. Sadler). Portsmouth.

Socialism and Society (J. Ramsay Macdonald). Independent Labour Party. 1s. and 1s. 6d.

Speeches and Addresses Political, Literary and Religious (John Charlton). Toronto: Morang.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST:—The Law Magazine and Review, 5s.; La Revue, 1fr. 50; The Lamp, 15c.; The Estate Magazine, 6d.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Among this week's features are:

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Incorporated by Statute of the Legislature of Nova Scotia, Dominion of Canada. Chapter 130 of the Statutes of Nova Scotia, 1901 (the 4th day of April, 1901), and Amending Acts.

Length of proposed Line, about 236 miles.

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The bonds are payable in 1955, with the option to the Company to redeem at the rate of £105 per bond during or at any time after the year 1910 on giving six months' notice.

The bonds will be to bearer, with liberty to register in owner's name.

The bonds bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, payable by coupon or warrant, half yearly, on the 30th June and 31st December in each year.

The first payment of interest, on the 31st of December next, will be calculated from the dates of payment of the instalments.

The bonds will be secured by a trust deed, constituting a specific charge upon all the railway undertaking, property, and assets of the Company (excluding cash subsidies).

The total cash subsidies granted to the Company amount to about £553,580 (\$3,590,400), calculated on a length of about 236 miles, receivable as follows:—

*From the Dominion Government of Canada, about (£6,400) £1,215
From the Provincial Government of Nova Scotia, about (£5,000) £1,028

and will be utilised in the construction of the railway, except that the subsidies will be charged in favour of the trustees for bondholders to an extent necessary to secure the interest on the amount of bonds issued for two years during the time of construction.

*The amount of the Dominion subsidy will depend upon the cost of construction, but is limited to \$6,400 per mile, which, having regard to the estimated cost of construction, it is considered will be earned in full.

The redemption at the expiration of 50 years of the whole of the bonds issued will be insured by a sinking fund policy with the Norwich Union Life Assurance Society, subject to the payment of an annual premium of 17s. 3d. per cent. The policy, and the benefits thereof, will be transferred to the trustees for the bondholders.

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An agreement has been made between the Company, acting through its attorneys, and the trustees for the Debenture-holders that, immediately after the allotment of the Debentures, the gentlemen named below shall be appointed Directors, so as to act with certain defined powers in England, and provisions are contained in the agreement for securing their re-election from time to time for not less than five years. They may, therefore, be considered as an

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EXTRACTS FROM PROSPECTUS.

This Company, which has been formed to construct and work the lines of railway hereinafter described, was incorporated by an Act of the Provincial Legislature of Nova Scotia, chap. 130, of 1901, on the 4th day of April 1901. By Act of the same Legislature, chap. 136, of 1902, the Mesquodoboit Railway Company, incorporated by the Act, chap. 126, of 1898, was amalgamated with this Company, which acquired its powers, franchises and rights. Under these and subsequent Amending Acts this Company was authorised to construct a railway through the central district of Nova Scotia, that opening up and uniting several important industrial centres and joining them with the New Glasgow and the Pictou Coal Fields on the Inter-colonial Railway, on the north; with the deep water harbour called Country Harbour on the south; also with Dartmouth Harbour, near Halifax, on the west; and the Straits of Canzo on the east.

The map accompanying the Prospectus shows in red ink and dotted lines the direction of the railway from Dartmouth, and from New Glasgow to Country Harbour, and the Straits of Canzo.

The railway will serve a territory in the central part of the Province of Nova Scotia, lying between the Inter-colonial Railway and the sea coast, the development of which, owing to the absence of railway facilities, has hitherto been retarded. As will be seen by the reports below referred to, the necessity for such a line has been long apparent, and, owing to the increasing development of the resources of the country, is urgently called for. This is recognised in the substantial assistance given to the undertaking by the Governments of the Dominion of Canada, and of the Province of Nova Scotia.

The reports referred to show that the country along the route of the railway is rich in natural resources, comprising as it does large timber belts, good agricultural land, and extensive mineral properties. Of the latter, special attention is called to the coal, iron, and gold properties, of which there are many contiguous to the line of railway, some being already in active operation. Further, that when the line is constructed there should be immediately available large quantities of timber,

agricultural produce, fish, and ore, for the economical transport of which there is not at present sufficient facility. Should the anticipated development of the mining industries consequent upon construction of the line be realised, an immediate immigration on a large scale from other districts in Canada and the United States must take place.

The extensive fishing trade along the coast will be greatly improved, as the line will afford the fishermen the most much greater facility for their produce to reach the Western markets. Further reference to the reports will show that, in the opinion of the writers, the traffic available will be ample to enable the Company to earn the interest on the bonds and to leave a substantial surplus.

Mr. Donkin, one of the engineers who has reported upon the project, is of opinion that, generally speaking, the proposed route affords exceptionally favourable physical features for the construction of a railway at very moderate cost.

The railway and all its property, and all the income and earnings of the Company, and all lands occupied by the Company, are for ever exempt from municipal taxation.

The Company is given by its Act of Incorporation a free right-of-way over and power to go upon and take from any Crown lands free of charge any materials required for the construction of the railway. Further, according to the method prescribed by its charter, the Company will be freed from the obligation of paying for right-of-way required from persons or corporations owning land in local municipalities, except that in the case of the county of Halifax, power is given to vote a sum in lieu of these concessions.

The Company is entitled to the first right to apply for all minerals not owned by private persons under the road bed, and one thousand feet on each side, during the construction of the railway, subject to the mining laws of the Province.

The prospects of the railway have been very favourably reported upon by Mr. J. H. Sinclair, of New Glasgow, a member of the Dominion Parliament, who is familiar with the country and is qualified to make such a report; by Mr. Hiram Donkin, C.E., an engineer of the highest standing in Nova Scotia; by Mr. P. S. Archibald, formerly chief engineer of the Inter-Colonial Railway of Canada, and one of the best known and recognised railway authorities in Canada; and by Mr. J. M. Brown, late general manager of the Atlantic Transport Line.

Messrs. Donkin and Archibald were employed by the Provincial Government and the Company respectively to check the surveys and report preparatory to the subsidies being granted. Copies of the reports of Messrs. Archibald and Brown accompany the full prospectus.

The subsidy from the Provincial Government is secured by a contract dated the 4th day of February, 1903. The subsidy from the Dominion of Canada is secured by a contract dated the 15th April, 1904. The total subsidies for the whole length of the railway of about 236 miles, it is estimated, will amount to about £553,580, and will be earned as the construction of the railway progresses.

The whole of the subsidies earned and the net amount of the proceeds of this issue of bonds, after payment of the expenses of the issue and commission thereon, will be available for the construction of the line, payment of interest, and administration expenses during construction, less the sum of £50,000 in cash, which is to be paid to the Canadian promoters of this railway as consideration for their having obtained the Company's charter and the Government subsidies, and recoup them their expenditure on engineering survey, and other services, which they estimate already exceeds £40,000. In addition they are to receive an amount of fully-paid stock, and, upon completion of the railway, £50,000, by the allotment of bonds of this issue, calculated at £92 10s. per bond.

The estimated total cost of constructing the line (including \$1,500 a mile for rolling-stock) is \$23,000 a mile, say £4,732, or in all \$5,428,000 or £1,116,870, on a calculated total length of 236 miles. Further rolling-stock or equipment required over and above the \$1,500 per mile can be leased or purchased, if necessary, in the manner adopted by American and Canadian railways.

In order to ensure that the line will be constructed within the amount of the estimates Messrs. Grier & Coffey (at present members of the Canadian board, but who, in the event contemplated, will retire therefrom), as representatives of a Canadian group, have offered to enter into a contract for construction at the figures above named, and to give guarantees for due and complete performance of such contract, which are considered by the proposed Administrative Committee satisfactory, and it is in contemplation to accept such offer. Allotment will not be made until this or some other satisfactory construction contract is executed.

[The report of Sir John Wolfe Barry and Partners, the consulting engineers, is here given in the prospectus.]

With regard to the earnings, Mr. Archibald estimates that the gross annual earnings of the railway would not be less than \$4,000 per mile.

It is believed that the working expenses of this railway will not exceed the average working expenses on Canadian railways, which are about 66½ per cent. of the gross traffic receipts; and after deducting on this basis £29,402 to cover such expenses, it leaves a balance of £64,766, which will be more than sufficient to cover interest on bonds and sinking fund.

It is considered, however, that Mr. Archibald's estimate of the revenue is an exceedingly conservative one, and does not make sufficient allowance for the great development which will undoubtedly follow the opening of the line for traffic, and, moreover, takes no account of possible revenue from mining rights or other sources. In support of this opinion it may be stated that Mr. Brown's estimate of revenue is much higher than that of Mr. Archibald, being as follows:—

Passengers	say £60,000
Mail and Express	10,000
Farm Produce, Fish, Lumber, Fruit, &c. ..	135,000
Coal and Ore	150,000

£355,000

Deducting the same proportion as above for working expenses, it will be seen that Mr. Brown's estimate leaves a net revenue of £118,333, or nearly double that estimated by Mr. Archibald.

Mr. Brown states that his estimate of annual earnings is based upon a close study of the results of other railways, the conditions applicable to this railway, and his knowledge of such transportation matters in North America, extending over a period of 30 years.

No part of this issue has been underwritten, and should the Administrative Committee decide that the amount of the subscriptions, if less than the total issue, warrants the making of an allotment, construction will be proceeded with on the basis of the amount subscribed, and the subsidies to become payable in respect of sections of the line so to be constructed.

The moneys subscribed on this issue of bonds will be deposited in the names of the trustees for the bondholders until the Administrative Committee of the Directors in England have been duly appointed, the construction contract has been entered into, and evidence has been given that all formalities entitling the Company to commence construction under the terms of its charter and the subsidy grants have been complied with. Should default be made in complying with any of these conditions the moneys will be repaid to the subscribers.

Prints of the statutes and charter and copies of the engineers' and other reports can be inspected at the office of the Solicitors to the Company in London.

The decision as to allotment will rest with the proposed Administrative Committee of Directors in England.

In case no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned forthwith. In case a smaller amount is allotted than the amount applied for, the difference will be applied towards the amount due on allotment. Failure to pay any instalment will render all previous payments liable to forfeiture. Bonds to bearer will be issued upon the subscription being fully paid, in exchange for the allotment letters, accompanied by the bankers' receipts. Application must be made on the form enclosed with the prospectus, accompanied by the deposit of £10 on each bond applied for. A brokerage of ½ per cent. will be paid on all allotments made on applications bearing brokers' stamps. A London Stock Exchange settlement and quotation will be applied for in due course. Prospectuses and forms of application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from the bankers, solicitors, or brokers.

Dated 9th August, 1905.

APPLICATION FOR PROSPECTUS.

To the
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11 King William Street, London, E.C.

Please forward Copy of Prospectus to

Name
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